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COOLIDGE'S SON LOSES BATTLE AGAINST DEATH

Calvin, Jr., Goes to Last Sleep After Bitter Fight Against Attack of Septic Poisoning

Death once more cast its shadow Tuesday over the White House, claiming Calvin Coolidge, Jr., the 16-year-old son of the President.

A courageous struggle of five days that stood off the final claim of acute blood poisoning to the utmost ended Monday night. The younger son of the President died in Walter Reed hospital where he had lain in his desperate fight for life since he was removed there last Saturday that every resource of medical science might be invoked to save his life.

Wasted in strength by the ravaging spread of the ceptic poison that resulted from an almost unnoticed blister which developed on his foot while playing tennis a week ago, the youth fought a futile battle throughout Monday. Losing ground steadily, he amazed physicians by the tenacity with which he clung to the slender thread of life and his fortitude under the suffering of the complications that attended the spread of the treacherous disease. He collapsed early in the night and death occurred at 10:30 P. M.

Parents at Bedside.

Forced in the last hours to abandon the desperate hope they had held for his recovery, based much on the courage and fighting spirit they knew he had, the President and Mrs. Coolidge faced the end at their son's bedside. They had kept the long vigil there unbroken save for an occasional hurried return to the White House.

Those who watched the struggle of the 16-year-old lad against the terrific odds of the disease which swept through his system were agreed that only a fortitude of will and character unusual at any age had kept him alive so long. It was on Saturday that the venomous nature of the infection was disclosed. The trifling abrasion that had resulted from the blister on Monday was so little thought of that he had appeared that night with his father at the public budget meeting of government officials, where he saw much to smile and jest about with his elder brother.

By Wednesday, however, the onslaught of the infection had commenced, and on Saturday, in a plain army ambulance with his mother at his side Calvin, Jr., was hastened to Walter Reed hospital, on the outside of Washington, for an operation which it was hoped might reduce to a new focus the bacteria which were building in the tissues of his leg.

Refused to Give Up.

For the reception of the young patient and also to provide comfort for the President and Mrs. Coolidge that they might remain constantly near their son, the entire upper wing of the hospital was cleared. The operation was performed with gas anesthesia and was successful in that it established a drain for accumulating septic matter. Although the youth showed a slight improvement after the surgery he was said by his physicians to have been really sustained in his repeated rallying from an almost hopeless progress of the disease by his determination to live and his refusal to yield to pain. Intense fever and a failing heart marked the course of his struggle.

It was shortly after 6 P. M. Monday that the collapse came. At that time a military guard had been thrown around the quarters assigned for the care of the boy and through this the only meager news obtained was that brought out at infrequent intervals by E. T. Clark, the President's personal secretary.

Life's Spark Flickers.

With oxygen and restoratives, his attendants held some glow of the spark of life in his wasted frame. At 8:45 P. M. it was announced that he was dying, but it was not until two hours and a half later that the physicians pronounced the end. The boy's courage met the test many times when it was required that he submit to pain in the preparation of blood tests, the use of the hypodermic, and finally the stomach washing as a last resort to make the taking of nourishment possible when the accumulation of gas began. It was only necessary, it was said, to tell him when and where the hurt would come and it would be suffered without complaint or protest.

Messages of sympathies were received by the President and Mrs. Coolidge from persons of all lands and all walks of life. The tragic death of their son had touched the heart not only of friends, but of many others who wished to convey their sympathy and condolences.

First Since Tad Lincoln.

Calvin Coolidge, Jr., White House visitor, is the first son of a President to die while his father held that office since Tad Lincoln died in his father's arms in the White House near the close of the Civil war. So far as they recall there has been no instance of a president's daughter dying during his occupancy of the White House.

The death of the son of President Coolidge marks the third successive administration in which the family occupying the White House has been bereft either by death or critical illness. The first wife of former President Wilson died in the White House and later Mr. Wilson suffered there the breakdown which left him an invalid until his recent death. Services for President Harding were held in the White House after his sudden death in San Francisco and previously Mrs. Harding had suffered a serious illness there.

He Was "All Boy."

Calvin Coolidge, Jr., was a typical American boy, mischievous and full of vigor, but in public almost quiet and demur. He always was the first

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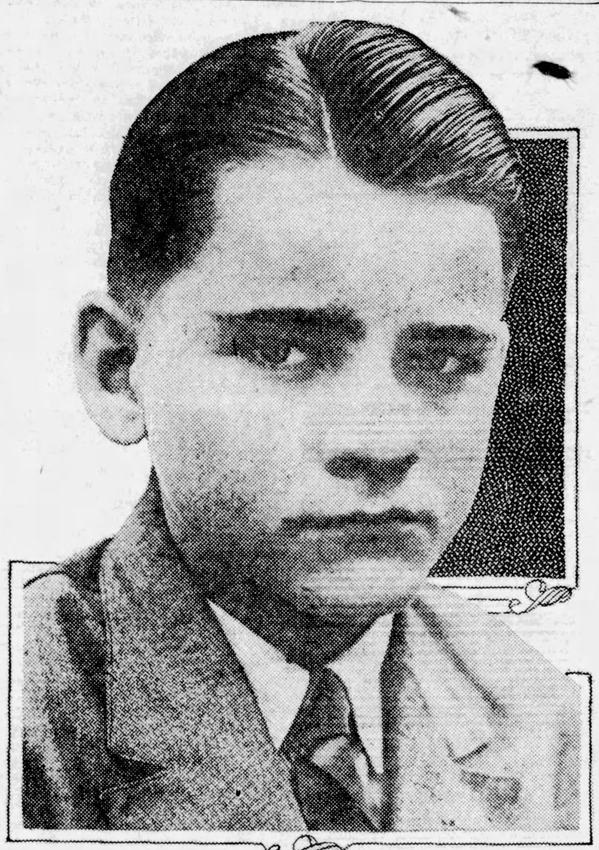
Death Takes President's Son



Calvin Coolidge, Jr.

GASTON MEANS GIVEN 2 YEARS

Ex-Government Agent and Aide Get Atlanta Terms, Fines in Rum Case.

Gaston B. Means, former department of justice agent, and Elmer W. Jarnecke, his secretary, who were convicted of conspiracy to violate the national prohibition law, were sentenced last week to the federal penitentiary in Atlanta for two years, fined $10,000 and $5,000, respectively.

The indictments charged Means and Jarnecke with having entered into a conspiracy to remove 50 barrels of rye whisky from the Sam Thompson distillery in Brownsville, Pa., to a warehouse in Pittsburgh.

Government witnesses testified Jarnecke had been given $15,097.60 with which to pay the tax and remove the whisky and that Means received $5,297.60 of that money. The whisky, according to witnesses, belonged to John W. Hubbard of Trenton, N. J., a steel magnate, and friend of Secretary of the Treasury Mellon. He admitted during the trial that he had desired to obtain the release of the liquor for beverage purposes and that he had given Charles W. Johnson, former Uniontown, Pa., brewer, the money with which to obtain the release. Johnson told the jury that Means had promised to help him, claiming influence with Jess Smith, friend of Harry M. Daugherty.

"Jelly Bean" Cooked to Turn by Judge

Recommending that a 21-year-old father, whom he characterized as a "society jellybean," transfer some of the grease from his hair to his hands, a county judge in Fort Worth, Tex., gave forth a message to the young manhood of the nation.

The magistrate reminded the youth that the evidence indicated he had deserted his 17-year-old wife and his baby, pleading lack of sufficient funds to support them; yet a week later, the "jelly" purchased an automobile on the installment plan.

"There is plenty of room on the county road for you 'society jellybeans' who desert loving families and pay $40 installments for an automobile to finale-hop in. Hereafter that $40 monthly goes to your wife and baby, and I'm going to see that some of that grease on your hair appears on your hands in your doing it," the judge declared.

Women's Influence Certainly Refining

Many who still believe with Henry Van Ddqe that woman's participation in politics gave the country only "twice as much of the same thing," witnessed an incident around the New York banner in the convention hall last week which convinced them that at least the decorum of the demonstration is made more exacting by the femine presence.

When a wild and protracted demonstration began to lose some of its women participants, the floor managers of the candidate favored by the enthusiastic outbreak were perturbed and began to seek the cause. They cheered for their man louder than ever and finally signaled for the band to offer a march, but it was of no avail. The women quit the party.

When the tumultuous gathering thinned, a kindly old gentleman from South Carolina took the marchers' leader to one side, placed his arm around his neck and whispered earnestly.

"Pardon me, brother," he said, "but your shirt is slightly out."

BLACKMAILERS ATTACK SENATOR

Medill McCormick Called On to Pay $50,000 to Plotters.

Detectives are seeking the authors of a $50,000 extortion letter sent to United States Senator Medill McCormick and his wife. The letter made no threats but demanded that the money be placed under a culvert near the McCormick farm home at Byron, Ill.

Two men who picked up a decoy package were released Friday after being questioned, but are sought for further questioning. They convinced the officers that they were not the writers of the letter.

The demand was received just after Senator McCormick had left for Europe.

Mrs. McCormick, who turned the demand over to State's Attorney Johnson of Winnebago county, was unable to supply a motive for the letter. "Just what inspired the writing of the letter, I cannot say," she said. "The letter was brief and merely demanded that we place the money under a culvert north of our farm. There was no threat of any kind in the letter. Reports have reached me that it threatened to kidnap my young son if the money were not deposited under the bridge, but that is not true. No person was mentioned in the letter as the object of revenge in case the money was not delivered."

French Air Expert Instructs Japanese

Georges Parbot, French flying wizard, until recently holder of the world's endurance record for glider flying, has arrived in Japan to demonstrate for the army the most recent advances in aviation. He is to be attached to one of the army's largest airplane production centers to teach Japanese builders the latest principles of airplane construction.

Barbot brought with him two planes, one the tiny "avionette," carrying a 12-horsepower Salmson engine, with which he flew across the English channel. The other machine is a 300-horsepower Hispano Suizo, which may become a model for new Japanese fighting planes.

Billions Are Spent in War on Corrosion

Battling rust and corrosion costs approximately two and a half billion dollars a year, according to W. J. Overbeck, superintendent of the DuPont Co. of Chicago.

"This sum spent annually to counteract the ravages of corrosion and rust will give a fair idea of the total bill the world is paying for the slow decay of metals used in industrial work, which are not protected against them," he declared. "It is a vital matter, because the yearly waste is making the iron ore resources of the world exhaustible within a measurable distance of time."

German Nobles Voice Leadership Claims

A large part of the German people demand leadership by men who are not looking out for themselves, but who place the common weal above their personal welfare, is the import of a resolution adopted by a gathering of German noblemen held recently in Berlin. And in the next sentence the nobility modestly tells the world who can qualify as leaders: "Such leaders have been the German nobility, and they intend to continue to be such."

METHODISTS IN SOUTH VOTE TO MERGE CHURCH

Plan Must Be Submitted to Annual Conferences of Both Southern and Northern Branches.

Southern Methodists in special general conference in Chattanooga, Tenn., voted overwhelmingly to accept the proposed plan for unification with the Methodist Episcopal church, devised by a joint commission of the two organizations and adopted by the Northern general conference recently in Springfield, Mass.

Opponents, most of them in favor of unification but not under the particular plan recommended, could muster only 75 votes against adoption while the unificationists polled a total of 297.

The plan of organic union has yet to run the gauntlet of the annual conferences of the two churches, the Northern conference voting in 1925 while the Southern conferences were requested in a resolution adopted Friday to act during the same year. In the North two-thirds of all the members voting in the annual conferences must ratify the proposal while in the South the required majority is three-fourths.

Bishops Will Confer.

With ratification by the annual conference the college of bishops of each church would meet jointly and notify their respective general conferences that the union had been effected. The general conference then would be called to meet in joint session to put unification into effect.

Should the merger finally become effective it would unite into one body approximately 7,000,000 Methodists in the country and heal a breach that has existed since separation in 1844.

It was 80 years ago, 16 years before the outbreak of the Civil war that the church divided upon the question of the powers of the general conference and the rights of the Episcopacy, said Bishop Horace M. Dubose of the Southern church.

Becomes Slave Owner.

Bishop James O. Andrews, Georgia, had married a Georgian who was a slave owner. Under the laws of Georgia the slaves of his wife became his own, although he was an opponent of slavery. The majority of the general conference, as a result, demanded that he cease exercising the functions of a bishop of the church so long as he remained a slave owner.

Bishop Andrews declared he had done nothing contrary to the moral regulations or rules of the denomination and that no charge of immorality, maladministration or anything in violation of the constitution of the church had been filed. The tension arising from the situation resulted in a mutual agreement by the Northern and Southern members to separate.

LAFOLLETTE IS CANDIDATE FOR U. S. PRESIDENT

Wisconsin Man Choice of Progressive Conference as Independent Nominee for White House Job.

The national committee for Progressive Political Action formally called on Senator Robert Marion LaFollette last week to announce his candidacy for president as an independent, and he was indorsed by the national convention of the organization in Cleveland.

Formal acceptance of the invitation to run for president was given to the conference by Senator LaFollette.

It was read by his son, Robert LaFollette, Jr., introduced as "a chip of the old block."

LaFollette declared the nation is facing the "most momentous crisis in our time" with predatory interests in control of American government.

The Wisconsin senator took a slap at both the Republican and Democratic parties, declaring they had "failed the people."

He declared the time ripe for a militant movement independent of the old parties and responsive to the needs of the common people."

Where He Places Blame.

President Coolidge was called "the frank defender of organized wealth" by the message, which added that the Democratic platform adopted at New York does not meet the needs of the nation.

"The fact that representatives of organized wealth voted for that platform," he added, "is sufficient proof of its character.

"Both parties have always regarded their platforms as they regard them today, not as contracts, but as devices to catch votes.

"To break the combined power of big business over government and economic conditions is the paramount issue facing the people.

"If the progressives will but unite with a single purpose to meet this issue they may rely on the support of the people."

The personal campaign of Senator Robert M. LaFollette will be fought chiefly over the radio.

Because of his age and the danger of impairing his health through an extended traveling and speaking campaign, LaFollette has informed his managers that he intends to sound his personal appeals for votes. His headquarters will be in Chicago.

Plans Short Journeys.

For the early part of the campaign, LaFollette intends to remain in Washington. Later, he expects to go to his home in Madison, Wis., from where he will make short journeys into neighboring states, particularly the Dakotas and Minnesota, possibly Illinois, Iowa, Michigan, Ohio and Indiana.

As the campaign settles down in the home stretch, his managers declared that LaFollette would speak in the larger cities of the nation, going straight into the heart of the sections which political observers believe ordinarily would swing into the Republican or Democratic columns—the East and the South.

New Party Seen.

Leaders of the Conference for Progressive Political Action, which adjourned after indorsing Senator Robert Marion LaFollette's independent candidacy, expressed the conviction that they had laid the foundation on which there will be erected another major political party—a labor party.

The officers and executives of two great divisions of organized labor—the machinists and the railroad brotherhoods dominated the convention. If they used the steam roller at times, it was with the skill and precision of mechanical experts. They demonstrated also that they are none the less expert in parliamentary tactics and the practical business of politics.

Caution Displayed.

Backed by tens of thousands of members of their own unions and other labor organizations, abetted openly by the Socialists and encouraged by the "political mavericks" as Peter Witt dubbed voters of no party affiliation, the leaders proceeded with apparent boldness and yet with that caution which comes of experience in big business.

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Son Steers Bob's White House Craft

Senator Robert LaFollette and Son, Robert Jr.

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The accompanying photo shows Robert LaFollette, Jr., (left) who is to conduct his father's campaign for the presidency, getting last minute instructions from Senator LaFollette in Washington before leaving for the Cleveland convention which named the Wisconsin leader as candidate for the White House. He acted as his father's spokesman in Cleveland, LaFollette watching developments from the Washington home.

G. O. P. LEADERS TO BE SURPRISED

Will Be Told July 24 and July 31 That They Were Nominated.

Republican campaign plans are taking definite shape. Dates for formal notification of President Coolidge and Charles G. Dawes, vice presidential candidate, of their nomination by the Cleveland convention, have been selected. Announcement was made after a White House luncheon and conference that the notification ceremonies for President Coolidge would be held on July 24 at the White House and for General Dawes on July 31 at his home in Evanston, Ill.

General Dawes attended the conference with President Coolidge, William M. Butler, chairman of the Republican national committee, and Frank W. Stearns, personal friend of the President.

Although the notification ceremonies will mark the formal opening of the campaign, General Dawes indicated that it probably would be a month after that before he would make his first speech, at Lincoln, Neb. Questioned as to arrangements for his speaking program, the general said: "For the next 60 days I am going to work and after that I am going to speak."

Monument to Honor Yule Song Writers

One hundred years have elapsed since the song "Silent Night, Holy Night," now sung as a Christmas carol throughout the world, was composed in the little village of Oberndorf, Austria. In commemoration of the event a monument is to be erected in Oberndorf, the foundations of which are to be laid this summer. The unveiling is to take place on Christmas day

The words of the song were written by the chaplain of the Oberndorf parish, the Rev. Dr. Mohr, and the music by the teacher of the local school, a man named Gruber.

COOLIDGE WANTS EDUCATION DEPT.

Insists, However, That All Local Control Shall Be Recognized.

Nearly 15,000 American teachers and educators stood and cheered when President Coolidge in an address voiced his approval of a pending bill to create a federal department of education presided over by a cabinet member.

The speech closed a seven-day convention of the National Education association. The education plan desired by teachers, embodied in the Sterling-Reed bill before congress, has his indorsement, the President said, "bearing in mind that this does not mean any interference with the local control and dignity, but is rather an attempt to recognize the importance of educational effort."

Terming ignorance "the most fruitful source of poverty, vice and crime," the President pointed out to the teachers that there are in this country 3,000,000 native born illiterates as well as 14,000,000 foreign born illiterate white persons who must be given an opportunity to read and write the English language, "that they may come into more direct contact with the ideals and standards of our political and social life."

Asserting that "our institutions are constantly and very properly the subject of critical inquiry," the President warned that "unless their origin is understood, unless their value be assessed properly, the citizen falls ready prey to those selfish agitators who would exploit his prejudices to promote their own advantage.

"On this day, of all days," he continued, "it ought to be made clear that America has had its revolution and placed the power of government squarely, securely and entirely in the hands of the people. For all changes which they may desire, for all grievances they may suffer, the ballot box furnishes a complete method and remedy."

Farmer-Laborite Fires Initial Gun

With the present general industrial situation as his subject and emphasizing the failure of the two major political parties to co-ordinate their forces in congress to bring about legislation of benefit to the people as a whole, Duncan McDonald, presidential nominee of the Farmer-Labor party, made his initial speech of the campaign last week.

Mr. McDonald said that the principal driving point of the Farmer-Labor party will be its demand for public ownership of mining property and the railroads. Both are over-capitalized, he said, "necessitating high returns and low wages." The speaker dwelt at length on the mining situation with which he is especially intimate, declaring that mines over the entire country are being closed down.

Harmonica Corps Opens War on Rum

Five thousand students of Tokio universities, carrying banners demanding prohibition for Japan, recently paraded to the music of a massed harmonica corps.

They urge a dry regime as the first requisite to solve the Japanese-American immigration problem. They argue drinking is wasteful, also that the Japanese need to keep calm at present.

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DEMS VOTE 87 TIMES WITHOUT SELECTING MAN

McAdoo's Lines Fail to Withstand Pressure of Coalition Forces on 87th Ballot.

The long deadlock in the Democratic national convention was shaken up in Tuesday's balloting by a slide to Senator Ralston of Indiana. The Hoosier raised his total to a point approaching that of the two leaders. On the 92nd ballot the results were as follows: Smith, 355½; McAdoo, 310; Ralston, 196¾; Davis, 69½; Underwood, 45½; Meredith, 26; Robinson, 20; Ritchie, 16½.

The convention of bitter-enders, otherwise known as the Democratic national convention, met Tuesday morning ready to vote the 88th ballot in an effort to select a candidate to carry the party's standard in the campaign. All previous records for number of ballots taken have been smashed to smithereens by this convention.

All week long the dreary balloting went on with now and then a spurt by some dark horse candidate, but the dark horse always tired quickly and the delegates would swing back to Smith or McAdoo. Neither one of these two men had enough strength to win, but each had enough votes to prevent the other from getting the nomination. Propositions and counter propositions were made but they didn't mean anythig.

The first ray of hope that the tight deadlock might be broken and a selection made came on Monday when the convention passed a resolution releasing all delegates from their pledges and instructions. A plan to have the candidates release their delegates themselves failed when McAdoo, who controlled the largest number, refused to agree to it without certain changes being made in the rules.

McAdoo Suffers Loss.

Finally on Monday evening the coalition forces swept down on the stubborn McAdoo lines with a new ferocity and the votes for the Californian were pushed down to the lowest point at any time during the convention. Governor Smith took the lead for the first time and reduced his opponent to a point where he had lost his power of a one-third veto over the selection of a candidate. Then, when the coalition forces were riding on the crest of the wave, they got an adjournment until Tuesday morning.

The convention actually adjourned as a mark of sympathy and respect for President and Mrs. Coolidge on the death of their son, but before the word of the President's son was received the managers of the coalition forces had planned the adjournment at high water mark.

The smashing attack on the McAdoo lines was accompanied with raids for Ralston and for Glass. The attackers took back trophies for each.

The night session of the convention had opened with advance announcements of a raid on the McAdoo forces but there was no indication of how far they would go.

If the McAdoo managers had any idea that their column of votes was going to be smashed to the extent that it was, they concealed the fact, but afterward professed not to be discouraged.

The word had gone out that the coalition forces were going to "give a ride" in convention parlance to Senator Glass of Virginia and that Thomas Taggart of Indiana and Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi were arranging for a run for Senator Ralston.

No sooner had the night's balloting started than evidence of the plans became clear. When the session adjourned McAdoo had been raided for 179½ votes, compared with the place he occupied when the last ballot was taken Saturday and he was standing 195½ votes lower than his high water mark on the 69th ballot. He was exactly 98 votes below his first ballot in the convention two weeks ago.

Smith Holds His Place.

Governor Smith throughout the whole day's operations held his place with little fluctuation. On the last ballot Saturday he had 367 votes and on the last ballot Monday he had 361½. Neither represented the high water mark which he reached again on the 83rd ballot with 368, which was two more than he needed to maintain a one-third vote.

As the balloting closed Governor Smith was short of the veto power, but he had driven his opponent from his point of vantage and passed him in the voting.

Dropping quickly under the constant raiding of all the forces opposed to him McAdoo's vote fell below Governor Smith's on the 86th ballot, and it was still below the governor's on the 87th ballot, the last of Monday's sessions.

It was on the 86th ballot that his vote fell below the one-third veto power he had been holding.

During the day Mr. McAdoo had lost Mississippi, Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Oklahoma and Nevada. They did not all go to his opponent, to be sure, but they went out of his column. Missouri went over to Senator Glass, Mississippi to Senator Ralston, Kansas to Governor Jonathan Davis, Iowa to Edward T. Meredith, her favorite son, Oklahoma to Senator Owen, and Nevada first to Smith and then to Governor Ritchie of Maryland.

The choice of all the states mentioned were characterized as stopping places to turn up in the column of whatever candidate they finally decide upon.

Clevelander Heads National C. of C.

Richard F. Grant of Cleveland was elected president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States at a meeting of the directors, succeeding Julius H. Barnes of Duluth, Minn.

WORLD-HISTORY IN THE MAKING

WELL, the baby is born. The interesting thing happened at Cleveland last week. Reference is made to the new political party. It came forth on the Fourth and for that reason its friends would like to have the belief get abroad that it is the child of the Declaration of Independece. But as a matter of fact the parentage is in doubt. The Socialists, Farmer-Laborites, Locomotive Engineers and Machinists' Union are suspected.

So far the darling, or brat, has no name. It might be called the Four Winds, Bob-Cat, in honor of Battling Bob LaFollette, or given any of many other suggestive titles. The name is not important, anyhow.

This new party was organized to rally round Senator LaFollette, who has yearned for years with a deep, unrequited passion to lead a party in a presidential campaign. He was too radical for the Republicans, from whom he has drawn his political sustenance. He wouldn't do. His flaming soul might set the whole works ablaze. In all these years of yearning Mr. LaFollette has grown older. He is now 69 and the presidential age is slipping by. It came to a question of now or never, and so Senator Robert Marion LaFollette is the candidate of an unorganized, unassimilated band of political elements. He is the one man in all the country that could bring among them the semblance of harmony. He is the one man who is prominent enough to attract attention. To the discontented he is an asset. He'll never be their president, but he may be their martyr.

MR. LAFOLLETTE'S nomination comes from the Conference for Progressive Political Action. Perhaps it could be called a convention, for short. Anyway, there were accredited delegates present, and the meeting was organized, in a manner. The Wisconsin senator's son was present and read a long communication from the father, outlining his principles and his views for what is the matter with the country, if anything.

In the communication there was all of that old stuff about the downtrodden people, but nothing was said about the high cost of automobiles and the low maximum of miles it is possible to get per gallon under the present administration.

The Wisconsin-LaFollette platform which the Republican convention threw into the garbage can was hauled out and adopted. The principles enumerated in this document include the public ownership of railroads, water power, mines and other natural resources, heavy income and profits taxes, creation of a government marketing corporation for farmers, constitutional amendment to confer on congress power over child labor, abolition of injunctions in labor disputes, curbing of the power of courts, reconstruction of the federal reserve system and co-operative banking, international action to outlaw war and opposition to all compulsory military service and lavish expenditure on armaments.

Upon the request from Mr. LaFollette no nomination was made for vice president. That matter was deferred. We don't know but that the Wisconsin senator would like to have his son nominated. The son is a bright and interesting young man. It would be an innovation to have the presidential ticket LaFollette & Son.

BUT WHAT of the Democratic convention? O, that's an old story. Up to Saturday night the convention had tried to nominate everybody and hadn't come close to nominating anybody. Adjournment was taken over Sunday. At first thought it might be assumed the adjournment was taken to permit the delegates to attend church. But that wouldn't have been safe. It might have precipitated a fight in church.

There is one distinction of which the Democratic party can't be robbed. It has held the longest national convention in the history of the country. Seventy-seven ballots up to Saturday night and no nearer a nomination than when balloting began.

DEMOCRATS have in the past been free to accuse Republican conventions of being bossed. They ought never again to mention that. If the New York convention lacked one thing more than another it was a boss. Had there been a boss there big enough to run things the delegates would have been back home at the end of eight or ten days, with everybody more or less happy.

One newspaper correspondent on the ground, and an observer of all that went on, says:

"The political psychologists have analyzed the situation from many points of view and have given what seemed to them logical reasons for the state of affairs. But to the lay observer the one outstanding lack of the convention of 1924 has been the absence from the floor of anyone attaining to the rank of real leadership."

MR. SMITH'S forces, it is said, lost their master mind when Charles W. Murphy, leader of Tammany Hall, passed away. The McAdoo candidacy never has been in strong hands and from the moment the convention opened there was lack of co-ordination, if not downright differences of opinion between the eastern advisers of the former secretary of the treasury, and his friends and followers from his new home in California.

But these things should not greatly worry the Republicans. Destiny seems to be arranging matters to make the success of their candidate easy.

GERMANY'S TOY SOLDIERS DON'T CARRY WEAPONS

Chancellor Willing for Allies to Dip Into Roster One More Time; Wants an Agreement.

Dr. Gustav Stressmann, German foreign minister, has acknowledged that volunteer military organizations exist in Germany. "But," he said, "their chief weapons are badges and flags."

The foreign minister called together the foreign correspondents simultaneously with the delivery in Paris of Germany's answer to the ambassadors' note demanding a new survey of German armament before transferring military control to the League of Nations. His purpose was to clarify Germany's position regarding this question, which, he admitted, raised a furore in Germany when the demand was made.

"We had the impression that the survey in January would be the last of this sort of thing," he said. "therefore, the new demand awakened extraordinary opposition. We are anxious that nothing should jeopardize the success of the experts' report, therefore we would have preferred that this demand, which sharpened the fight between the parties at the recent elections and aroused the Nationalists, should not have been made just at this time."

Understanding Desired.

"However," he continued, "we are anxious to reach a modus vivendi with France, and therefore we agree to this survey, while in no way admitting the premise on which it is based."

Dr. Stresemann asserted it was absolutely untrue that the Turnvereins and other organizations (accused by General Nollet of being military training centers) were guilty of war-like activities.

"Much later than in England or America has the love of sport awakened in Germany," he said, "and we hail it as a necessary substitute for military training, which, aside from war activities, inculcated in our youth discipline and preserved its bodily health.

"These organizations must be distinguished from certain political organizations (he refered to the Hackenkreuzler, Wehrolf, Stahlhelm, etc., who have staged various Pan-German demonstrations throughout Germany, notably the Halle rally two months ago) whose weapons, however, are badges and flags."

The foreign minister asserted the government would view indignantly any attempt to identify purely sport organizations as political and said, apropos of the reichswehr, "it is difficult to discuss the alleged danger of the reichswehr to European peace without becoming embittered."

"Completely Disarmed," He Says.

Several times he repeated the assertion, "we have no cannon, nor even the amount of ammunition accorded to us by the treaty of Versailles; we are completely disarmed."

Stresemann used the opportunity to speak about the outlook for the Dawes report.

"The Allies hope to see the experts' scheme in operation before August 1," he said. "We will do all in our power for speedy action, but it is doubtful whether the necessary bills will be passed before that date. There are still differences of opinion between Germany and the Allies which must be cleared up before the bills can be drafted."

Seen as significant was Stresemann's statement that "in many of its demands, the experts' scheme goes beyond the demands of the Versailles treaty. "Germany could only take upon herself these increased responsibilities in the conviction a new spirit was about to rule international relations. The evacuation of territories occupied beyond the provisions of the treaty must be assured. Without such a guarantee it will be impossible to get a majority in the reichstag for the experts' plan."

Stresemann asserted the Dawes' report was not "so much a financial and economic document as a political one—the most important political document since the treaty of Versailles."

The spirit in which this report is carried out, he concluded "will determine the future of Europe. Military control can only be a formality."

Oldest Democratic Delegates

—Copyright, P. & A. Photos.

HERE were the oldest participants in the Democratic convention in New York. From left to right they are Nicholas M. Bell, 82; C. B. Wilson, 67; George L. Carson, 80. Bell was a delegate to the 1868 convention and came from St. Louis. Wilson represented Idaho and Carsen was a delegate from Georgia.

Dreams of Getting Money From Dead and Finds It in Her Purse

Do dreams come true?

You say, "No!" Some say, "Yes."

Mrs. David Goldenberg of Chicago, is one of the latter class, for Mrs. Goldenberg has had the experience herself she asserts.

It was recently that Mrs. Goldenberg dreamed that her father, Isaac Seidelman, dead for nine months, came to her. "How is everything?" he asked.

To which she replied that things were not as well as they might be—her husband was out of work, times were hard, money was scarce. Then, she says, her father handed her a sum of money.

"Take this," he said, "and start a little business with it."

Hands Coins to Her.

Then he handed her other coins of silver, some were dollars, others 50-cent pieces. As he handed her each coin he told her to whom to give it. "Give this 50 cents to Martin; give this $1 to Nathan," etc.

In the morning Mrs. Goldenberg went to the grocery store. She knew she had only $10 in her purse the night before.

When she opened her purse to pay for the groceries she found a roll of bills inside and, wondering, took it out. The roll looked exactly like that which her father handed her in her dream. It contained $100. There, too, in the bottom of the purse, she says, lay silver pieces—11 of them, just as her father had counted them out to her in her dream.

Money Unexplained.

The money is still unaccounted for, and Mrs. Goldenberg believes now that dreams come true—that a miracle has been worked. She refuses to believe otherwise and points out that no one in her family would be financially able to place such a sum there.

Speaking through her 24-year-old son, Martin—for Mrs. Goldenberg, who came from Russia three years ago, speaks but little English—she told of her surprise at finding the money.

"There is no place that it could come from," she said. "We had no money like that. And I told no one of my dream. I went to the store shortly after I arose, without mentioning it. I thought it just like other dreams. But there the money was, and I haven't the slightest idea how it got there."

TO INVITE SPAIN'S RULER ON COAST

California Plans Mission Pageant for First Spanish Padre.

Plans have been made for an international pilgrimage to one of the cradles of civilization on the Pacific coast of the United States, the spot near Monterey, Calif., where Father Junipero Serra, the first Spanish padre, landed and established the first mission in California in 1770.

The celebration, to be centered in the restored chapel of Carmel Mission, will begin Oct. 12. Those to whom special invitations will be issued will include the king and queen of Spain, the Spanish ambassador, Washington, the president of Mexico and noted Spaniards and Mexicans.

The ancient Spanish mission overlooks the Pacific ocean. The body of Father Serra is buried beside the altar in the chapel, but during the observance the coffin will be removed, in the course of a memorial service, and placed in a beautiful sarcophagus which is being completed by Jo Mora, the sculptor, in his studio at Pebble Beach, Calif. The sarcophagus will be unveiled at an elaborate ceremony Oct. 19, the Sunday that will mark the conclusion of the pageant.

DOG CAR RIDER CAN TRANSFER

Airedale Trolley Hopper Knows How to Please Conductors.

"The brightest dog in the world."

This is the title claimed by Leone Cadenasso, radio expert, for his canine pal and playmate, Torrey, owned by Clarence Smith, San Francisco insurance man.

Cadenasso bases his contention on the remarkable fact—proved on innumerable occasions—that Torrey, a three-year-old airedale of beatific mein and disposition, is the only dog on record that knows enough to board a downtown street car, transfer to another car at the proper intersection, get off at the correct street corner and trot home!

The Smith home, where Torrey is an adorned and adoring resident, is located at Jones and Green streets.

Has to Transfer.

To get there from the business district the usual method, is to take a Stockton street car through the tunnel to Union street, transfer out Union to Jones, alight and walk one block north.

Torrey does this all by himself every time his master takes him downtown for an airing, gives him return carfare and tells him to "Hike!"

Furthermore, Torrey is a strategist. He knows perfectly well that "dogs unaccompanied by persons" are absolutely forbidden to ride on the cars of the municipal railway system.

Hides Under Seat.

So Torrey waits at the downtown end of the Stockton street line until the conductor has alighted to swing the trolley pole around, when he slips aboard and drapes himself quietly under one of the seats.

Arriving at Union street he hops off and trots over to the transfer car with a disarming air of insouciance, usually alongside some human passenger to give the effect of ownership.

Occasionally, according to Cadenasso, Torrey brings along a newspaper, knowing that the Union street conductors will succumb to an edition when other strategies fail.

JOBS DEMANDED BY EX-SOLDIERS

British Veterans Planning Fight to Provide for Idle Men

British ex-service men want more jobs and have launched a fight to get them.

At the annual convention of the British Legion, most of the sessions were given over to discussion of methods of bettering the economic position of men who fought in the World war. Strong resolutions demanding action by the government were adopted.

It was brought up at the convention that there are approximately 500,000 former service men in the ranks of British unemployed. Captain J. J. Chapman, one of the Legion leaders, outlined an unemployment program which demanded that the government undertake relief schemes to cost more than $1,000,000,000 to put the men at work.

Compulsory employment by industry of disabled ex-service men was advocated in a resolution which was unanimously approved. This resolution which would require employers to give employment to "a fair percentage of disabled men."

It was also proposed and unanimously approved that the government be urged to set up a national employment committee of non-partisan and representative character to investigate and recommend employment schemes of public utility commensurate with the present problem of unemployment." A condition of the undertaking of such schemes would be that at least 75 per cent of those employed in carrying them out should be ex-service men. The conference also demanded that no former service men temporarily employed in a government department should be discharged while non-service men or women are employed.

Prices Unaffected by Flow of Gold

The continuous assertions of economists that a drain of world's gold into the United States is boosting prices are not borne out by the facts, in the opinion of Secretary of Commerce Hoover.

With gold rushing into this country at the rate of more than one million dollars a day, a condition that has existed practically since the war, prices are little different from two or three years ago, Hoover pointed out.

Commerce and treasury department reports indicate that the incoming gold may decrease New York interest rates until the world will come to this country to borrow its billions.

Secretary of the Treasury Mellon and other governmental financiers look with favor on the transfer of the world's borrowing market from London to New York. Heavy investments of American cash abroad would stimulate vastly our foreign commerce and bring about an outlet for surplus production of manufactured goods and agricultural products.

POMP TO BOW TO LABOR SWAY

British Royalty Resigned to Passing of Ancient Traditions.

Britain is in the throes of a revolution.

It is so silent, so gradual that even the people of England scarcely recognize it.

It comes to this. That all the ancient institutions of Britain—royalty, titles, house of lords, great families and great functions are going by the board. There is no outcry, no protest. Everything is just happening as a matter of course. But the process is as rapid as it is certain.

The new labor government is acting like a corrosive acid on the old, ceremonial side of Britain. Offices, formalities (most of them dating back at least 600 years) are fading away. Three years of Ramsay MacDonald may see all the old trappings gone forever.

Court Heraldry Pales.

King George's case comes first and stands out clearly. Until recently the court of King George was the most ceremonious in Europe. He was surrounded by a band of hereditary noblemen, all holding high and prized offices. Those who wished to see the king at Buckingham palace on state occasions could appear only in mediaeval and stately garb—commonly known as court dress.

All this has gone. The vice chamberlain of the king's household, who has general supervision and makes all appointments, is now John E. Davison, former iron founder, educated in a small public school. The comptroller of Buckingham palace, responsible for all royal functions, is John Parkinson, ex-miner, who earned his own education. The treasurer of the king's household, who looks after the entire finances and makes many appointments, is Tom Griffiths, ex-steel worker, who raised himself up from an obscure village school to Oxford university.

Don't Boast Blue Blood.

There is no boast of blue blood among these men. They have neither pride of ancestry nor prominent family connections. Before taking office probably not one ever had spoken to a nobleman in his life. They have accepted their jobs quietly and without fuss, but seem as likely to make good as the possessors of all the illustrious names which have preceded them.

Similarly, all the ceremonial dress has been wiped out by a stroke of the pen. No labor minister, no member of parliament is in a position to waste a couple of thousand dollars buying an elaborate court suit. Consequently plain evening clothes are the rule at Buckingham palace for the most elaborate ceremonies.

The common sense of the British royal family has been mainly responsible for these changes going through so easily. None see more clearly than they, none visualize more keenly the trend of affairs in Britain. They have not merely refrained from offering obstacles, but have encouraged the change.

And although labor rules Britain there is no threat to the monarchy. It will be more democratic, more in touch with the life of the people than it has been. But it will operate on a different basis.

The monarchy recognizes the revolution and works with it. By keeping pace it keeps its throne.

HOOVER AGAINST POWER CONTROL

Tells World Conference Federal Regulation Is Not Wanted.

Demands for federal control of power development come from a lack of understanding of the problem, Herbert Hoover said last week before the World Power conference in London.

"Federal regulation is not the road to the solution of the problem of interstate movement of power," Hoover said. "The best solution should be found in co-ordinating regulations between groups and states with, perhaps, voluntary assistance from the federal government in obtaining this co-ordination."

Super-power, he continued, did not represent a gigantic and grinding trust, but co-operation between utilities. Abuses had arisen and would arise in the creation and operation of great agencies of production, but the test of our economic and social system was its capacity to cure its own abuses. Government could best contribute to the betterment of our lives through stimulation of and co-operation with voluntary forces.

Other delegates who discussed legal and government policies with regard to power development were Arthur T. Hadley, former president of Yale university; Sir Philip Lloyd-Greame, former president of the British board of trade; George Otis Smith, director of the U. S. Geological survey; Guy E. Tripp, chairman of the board of the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., and E. A. Cleveland, of British Columbia.

Mr. Hadley said that as an industry became more progressive the dangers of government ownership became greater and that regulation rather than direct operation had been successful as a solution.

Says Oil Supply Is Going Rapidly

Sir Richard Redmayne, famous British mining expert, told the International Power conference at a recent session of that body that the oil resources of the United States would be exhausted in a generation and the coal supply within 2,000 years.

The coal of the British empire will be exhausted within a few centuries, he declared and he urged conservation of the fuel supply.

A low temperature of carbonization in coal would be an important step in this direction. O. C. Merill, executive secretary of the federal power commission of the United States, the general chairman, said. The United States is undertaking the greatest water power development in its history, with 10,000,000 horsepower under construction or licensed, he reported.

"OXFORD OVERRATED"; RHODES SCHOLAR STIRS BIG UPROAR

W. C. Greene, an American Rhodes scholar at Oxford university, has handed England a jolt by saying that the more he sees of the British Isles the better he loves the United States.

Englishmen cannot understand it. They are gasping with astonishment and, as usual, writing letters to the newspapers to express their complete mystification that anyone should manifest such an attitude.

Greene was called on to reply to a toast proposed by Rudyard Kipling at the annual dinner of the Rhodes Scholarship trust. He was the focus of a battery of ever widening eyes as he boldly told the banqueters that, figuratively speaking, all the "hands-across-the-sea" talk gave him "a pain in the neck."

"Oxford and England and Europe," Greene told his astonished listeners, "have only made us (Rhodes scholars) love America more. We become more American every day that we are here. We are sick of handshaking across the seas.

Must Deny Hopes.

"We do not go home with regrets. Whatever may have been the unexpressed desires of Cecil Rhodes in laying the foundation of these scholarships, if he meant us to love another nation, if he meant us to become apostles of that great creed for which Mr. Kipling labored so long and so finely, we must deny his hopes.

"Long ago we resigned our position as unofficial ambassadors. We go home gladly and eagerly to a nation which we know and love and understand, if often we cannot admire it. We go home with some appreciation of duty and appreciation of human life. Some day, perhaps, some of us may amount to something if the life of idleness has not become too strong.

Dreams Killed.

"Europe and Oxford have brought death to us of our dreams, our romance and our hopes that here we would find three years of life, of continuous strangeness and duty. Romance is dead in us and the gray, unbeautiful buildings of Oxford have become just old-fashioned buildings and oftentimes prisons both of the soul and body. Oxford has not been Elysium, nor has our experience of the continent.

"But two things have come to a good many of us. We have learned the plain, old-fashioned, prehistoric, antediluvian joy of just sitting down. We have come to see that idlers and idleness of the body are not terms of contempt.

New Attitude Needed.

"We have also come to see the need of a new attitude toward peoples and people toward the state. We go home, many of us, with the secret hope that some day we may enter the politics of our own country and perhaps breathe in the slow amalgam of our nation the recognition of social truth which has been enunciated so many times and so vainly in the last 2,000 years, which we with our younger ears, though older ones seem often unable to do so, can hear."

Greene's remarks, although listened to with rapt attention, did not provoke any prolonged applause, but they have provoked a storm of controversy that has given England one of its greatest thrills in recent months.

LAFOLLETTE OUT FOR PRESIDENCY

Continued From First Page

And the organized machinists and the organized railroad men are engaged in big business, conducting successfully great banks which they have organized, owning sky scraper office buildings and maintaining their own organizations within the unions for business bargaining and political purposes.

Their caution and acumen were demonstrated first and most conspicuously by their refusal to launch a new political party at this time, although all their proceedings were with that end in view.

The Conference for Progressive Political Action did not nominate LaFollette. It merely indorsed him. The conference therefore is not primarily responsible for LaFollette although it placed its O. K. upon his candidacy after inspection of the political goods contained in a platform drafted by LaFollette himself.

Still a Republican.

Moreover, it leaves LaFollette his membership in the Republican party, at least in Wisconsin, which sent a pro-LaFollette delegation to the Republican national convention.

Likewise the Socialists, whose numbers have suffered decimation recently, can come into the LaFollette camp this fall without losing their party identity. Martin Hillquit, representing the New York Socialists, many of them engaged in the needle trades, was conspicuous in the Progressive conference and a member of its organization committee. No speaker was more lustily cheered than Hillquit when he mounted the speaker's dias to address the conference and second the motion for adoption of the report of the committee on organization. Hillquit said:

"We are laying the foundation for a new party—a new party which will be a powerful instrument in the hands of the toilers to free themselves from the power of the capitalist class."

London Clerks Flock to New Golf Course

The mystery of the disappearance from offices in London of managers and heads of departments for an hour or so in the morning or afternoon has been cleared up by a visit to Lincolns Inn fields.

Here on the green, smooth lawns an 18-hole putting golf course has been laid out, and would-be golfers can try their hand at a cost of three pence a round, which includes putters and balls.

The London county council was responsible for laying out the putting course. In the lunch hour the greens are covered with young men and girl clerks, and after office hours there is also a rush of players.

Child-birth

WHEN the Little One arrives, you can have that moment more free from suffering than you have perhaps imagined. An eminent physician, expert in this science, has shown the way. It was he who first produced the great remedy, "Mother's Friend." Mrs. C. J. Hartman, Scranton, Pa., says:

"With my first two children I had a doctor and a nurse and then they had to use instruments, but with my last two children I used 'Mother's Friend' and had only a nurse; we had no time to get a doctor because I wasn't very sick—only about ten or fifteen minutes." Use "Mother's Friend" as our mothers and grandmothers did. Don't wait, start today, and meanwhile write to Bradfield Regulator Co., BA75, Atlanta, Ga., for a free illustrated book containing information every expectant mother should have. "Mother's Friend" is sold by all drug stores

AIR MAIL HAS RADIO AS AIDE

Wireless Dispatches Keep Officials in Touch With Planes.

The United States mail has accepted the accommodations afforded by every means of rapid transportation, from the pony express to the airplane, and now has taken to radio as an experiment.

For some time experts of the post-office department have been experimenting with radio as an aid to air mail transportation, both for communication between stations along the routes and between the stations and planes. Much has been accomplished, but only the intercommunication ground system has been completed.

When the transcontinental air service was officially opened last week 13 of the flying field relay stations along the route, with headquarters at Washington, already equipped with radio telegraph transmission stations, co-operated. These stations, situated about 250 miles apart on the 3,400-mile route, are located as follows: Hempstead, L. I.; Bellefonte, Pa.; Cleveland and Bryan, O.; Maywood, near Chicago, Ill.; Iowa City, Iowa; Omaha and North Platte, Neb.; Cheyenne and Rock Spring, Wyoming; Salt Lake City, Utah, and Elko and Reno, Nevada. The field at Rawlings, Wyo., is not yet equipped.

A leased wire is used from Reno to San Francisco to complete the system and avoid interference with Pacific Coast radio stations. Operating on a working wave between 2,500 and 3,800 meters, these stations call each other on the 3,998-meter wave, but shut down to listen every 15 minutes for emergency calls. This chain of radio stations acts as an aerial train dispatching system. It furnishes quick service for planes transmitting advance weather reports and orders to stations where planes and pilots relieve each other on their cross-country flight.

COOLIDGE'S SON LOSES BATTLE

Continued From First Page

with a hearty laugh, however, at the slightest provocation.

"He has a remarkably sweet disposition for a boy," a close friend of the family remarked recently, "but make no mistake about it, he's all boy."

Calvin was born April 13, 1908, at Northampton, Mass., and went through the grade schools of that city and then entered the high school, completing the first year after his father had come to Washington as vice president in 1921. Both he and his brother, John, who is 17 years of age, the next year entered Mercersburg academy at Mercersburg, Pa. John being graduated last month, while Calvin had another year before him.

John is to enter Amherst, the President's alma mater, this fall and Calvin was to have followed him.

An excellent student, usually ranging high in his class, Calvin was bright and studious but not a "crammer" in the school boy sense of studiousness. He also was a good debater and had qualified for the academy debating team. He was interested in athletics, but his slight build kept him from making any records along that line, although he was an enthusiastic tennis and baseball player.

Summer vacations usually found Calvin with his brother John at their grandfather's home in Plymouth, Vt., but last summer John attended the military training camp at Camp Devens, Mass., while Calvin worked on a farm in the Connecticut valley of western Massachusetts. It was when at this work after his father had become president, his employer said to him excitedly:

"So your father is president of the United States?" And the boy replied:

"Yes, sir, I suppose he is. What do you want me to tackle today?"

He had taken employment under contract and refused to break it to come to Washington in the interesting days of his father's assumption of the chief magistracy, preferring to complete the task to which he had set himself.

WORK IS URGED BEFORE WEDDING

Wage Earning Is Declared Girl's Best Training for Home Duties.

The best training for matrimony a girl can get is in employment for a while, in the opinion of Miss Cleo Murtland, associate professor of vocational education at the University of California.

"As an apprenticeship for marriage," said Miss Murtland, "wage earning is an essential feature. Economic freedom of women is a determining factor in the length of the pre-marriage period, in the stability of the home and in its maintenance. The self-respect of a woman, as well as her position in the family, is determined in part by her ability to be economically independent. More and more the daughter, as well as the son, seeks employment as soon as school days are over."

Miss Murtland classified as the three distinct phases in a woman's development the time preceding marriage, the time of family responsibilities, and the time of middle age, when she is released from these responsibilities.

She explained her views at a recent conference of educators. It was the conclusion of the conference that a girl should be educated both as a home-maker and as a potential wage-earner.

YANK INVADERS CAPTURE BIRDS

No Canaries Left For Sale in German Town After Visit.

The canary bird trade of Bremerhaven, Germany, is just getting on its feet again after having been cleaned out last summer by the officers and sailors of the U. S. S. Pittsburgh.

The Pittsburgh had a payday while there, which was during the period of Germany's financial inflation when a dollar was worth millions and billions of marks, and a canary bird could be bought for 50 cents or less. The run on the canary bird stores started the second day the cruiser was in port. By the time the warship pulled out everybody aboard, from Rear Admiral Philip Andrews to stoker, had his own little bird and the Bremerhaven canary dealers had nothing but empty cages.

Orders for new supplies were placed in several bird centers in the Herz mountain districts, but the town had been so completely cleared of all songsters that it required all winter for the dealers to get their business back to normal.

Germany's Students Work for Education

The self-help student, unknown in Germany before the war, is increasing in the universities because of existing economic conditions. It is estimated that one-half of the student body of the country receives less than $15 a month each from home, so that the American custom of part earning by college students became a necessity.

The universities and allied organizations have taken keen interest in the matter, establishing employment bureaus, tailor shops, shoe shops, hothouses, book stores, laundries, printing shops and even small factories where students are employed in off hours. The usual pay is one meal for an hour of work.

Spider Web Painting Found by Collector

What is regarded as one of the most singular works of art in existence is in possession of a Berlin dealer. It is a painting, 6x4 inches, executed on a spider web and preserved by being clamped between two plates of glass, so that one can examine it on both sides. The scene depicted is that of a happy family sitting together.

There is nothing to tell when the spider webs were painted.

FAIRBANKS, JR., RELIES ON SELF

Young Doug Asserts He'll Win Own Way Without Reflected Fame.

Although Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., possibly could borrow a pair of his illustrious dad's shoes and struggle through a screen career in the reflection of filial fame, young Doug. has visions of gnawing his own aggrandizement out of the cold, unappreciative rock of public acclaim.

On a recent visit to Texas, young Fairbanks was painfully aware that something was lacking in his few embryo productions.

In fact, so convinced was the junior Doug that borrowed approbation could not insure a life meal ticket that he announced his plans of absorbing the necessary theatrical omniscience from the very soul of dramaturgy—Paris.

For two long years Doug., Jr., contemplates placing his typical Doug., Sr., nose to the grindstone of artificial emotions under the great European masters. The legitimate stage will first claim his acquirements on his return from abroad, after which he will let go a salvo of talent on the screen world—fortified with Shakespearean lore acquired abroad and not a little of the aforementioned filial fame.

Marks From Matches

Marks from matches can be removed from white paint by rubbing with a cut lemon and then with a damp cloth dipped in powdered whiting. Rinse with cold water and dry with a soft cloth.

SHORT ENDS OF WORLD NEWS

NATION-WIDE aid for Lorain, Ohio, the city wrecked by a tornado recently, is asked. All relief work in the storm area has been turned over to the Red Cross. The citizens of the town are planning to rebuild a modern city after the ruins of the old are cleared away.

The flag over the U. S. embassy in Tokio was torn down last week by an unknown Japanese, in protest against the immigration law excluding Japanese which became effective July 1. There was also a nation-wide demonstration against the act.

The president of the University of Chicago urged recently that the city of Chicago support the university from now on. He announced that John D. Rockefeller, who has given $35,000,000 to the institution, had discontinued his gifts.

Four portfolios in the Italian cabinet of Premier Russolini have been turned over by the premier to new ministers. The changes were made in accordance with his promise to reorganize his cabinet with new and stronger elements, giving satisfaction to the different shades of political belief represented in the majority.

Count Von Bernstorff, former German ambassador to the U. S., recently stated that a United States of Europe should be formed as the best means of negotiating "with the formidable nations of other continents," the last phrase being interpreted as referring to the United States.

Ohio has collected from owners of trucks and busses more than $200,000 since last August. One-half of this sum was returned to counties, townships and municipalities for use in the repair of roads traversed by the bus and truck lines.

CONVICTION of William H. Anderson, former New York state superintendent of the Anti-Saloon league, who is serving from one to two years at Sing Sing prison for third degree forgery, was unanimously affirmed last week by the appellate division of the state supreme court.

The Chinese cabinet resigned last week, Premier Sun Pao-Chi alleged that owing to age and illness he was unable to cope with the situation.

An unprecedented shakeup in the foreign service was announced recently by the state department. Retirement for age and resignations removed 60 names from the permanent roles, and in addition a reclassification from top to bottom was announced.

The Prince of Wales will again visit his ranch in Alberta, Canada, next fall, it has been announced.

Prince Masayoshi Matsu-Kata, 89, one of the two Genro or elder statesmen of the Japanese empire, died last week. He had been reported dead twice before, once after the earthquake and later last March.

Twenty-eight residents of Lilly, Pa., and alleged Ku Klux Klan members were sentenced to two years in prison in the county as the result of fatal rioting April 5.

Two tons of contrabrand machine guns, consigned to Leningrad, Russia, for the soviets, were seized by the British authorities in London.

The church union bill to unite the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational churches, passed the Canadian House of Commons and was sent to the senate for ratification.

The American flag was displayed on public buildings, business places and dwellings in Paris on July 4.

CHANCELLOR MARX and Foreign Minister Streseman of Germany explained last week to the premiers of the German federated states, assembled to discuss the Dawes report, the exact status of the negotiations and urged acceptance of the report.

France and England, acting jointly, will invite the United States to a conference on the allied debts following the discussion on the Dawes plan, according to information received in Paris.

A birthday anniversary card for President Coolidge with greetings and good wishes to which 20,000 fellow citizens of Massachusetts signed their names, was transmitted to him by special messengers. His birthday was July 4. He is 52 years old.

The lower house of the Georgia legislature, by a vote of 170 to 3, approved a resolution to reject the proposed child labor amendment to the federal constitution. The senate had not acted.

A riot was started at a dance hall in Paris last week when 20 American sailors on shore leave from the U. S. S. West Virginia objected strenuously to seeing French half casts from Martinique dancing with white women.

Four hundred German Communists, including numbers of reichstag deputies, were arrested during a secret party congress held in a wooded valley in Thuringin. The meeting was a substitute for the congress called in Leipzig, but forbidden by the government.

The executive committee of the Farmer-Labor party in California has repudiated the recent third party convention in St. Paul and has pledged itself to support Senator LaFollette for president.

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RURAL WELFARE

EDITED BY A. P. SANDLES

ONE MILLION BOTTLES— Corks From Every State.

Bottles in politics. Corks have been an influence at conventions. Booze is a mighty factor and a leading delegate when candidates are named for public office under our system of politics.

Rural Welfare editor arrived in Cleveland just as the Republican national convention delegates were leaving. All were not happy. None of those attending had been able to do everything their own way. In such cases the convention is usually good as a whole.

We met one oldtimer, who, a veteran convention attendant, was puzzled to know whether he felt glad or sad. He wanted to see Illinois for vice president in a world court. For some little time he was glad. He thought he knew Then Lowden declined to run for the nomination, and this oldtimer felt half a loaf out of the show.

This is what he also said: "It takes a lot of bottles to nominate a man like Dawes. Corks came in, too. It wasn't worth while to count either bottles or corks but I guess it takes 1,000,000 bottles and 1,000,000 corks to nominate a Republican candidate for president. It will take 2,000,000 of bottles for a Democratic candidate."

The oldtimer had it about right. It takes conventions and to hold high office and to get votes and to keep them they usually have a bottle or cork in their grip or pocket for personal use.

Now, it is hard to enforce prohibition with this orgy of hypocrisy. Well boys around hotels are always collecting and selling empty bottles.

The big bluffs of founders, bond cases and other stuff are used to hand-cuff the state in. Here is the leading Republican delegate from Ohio, Mrs. Ruthelle, had to say about the convention, as to the public press.

"It was disgusting. The whole thing is coming to a head. The laws on law enforcement. The smell of liquor [illegible] is a sorry [illegible]

[illegible] ridiculous. We need a [illegible] It are woman [illegible] drinking she [illegible] permitted to attend [illegible] We are glad [illegible] courage to [illegible] blame and [illegible] [illegible] as rampant [illegible] the convention [illegible] We have hypocrisy [illegible] nation would [illegible] the booze [illegible] once and let [illegible] Ruthelle talk.

[illegible] that Calvin Coolidge approve of such [illegible] it is unfair to [illegible] in general to [illegible] it's calling attention [illegible] at conventions. [illegible] the Republican [illegible] committee for this year. She stands [illegible] and clean morals. [illegible] Governor Pinchot, [illegible] who will not [illegible] person to any public [illegible] unless that person [illegible] and pledge to not [illegible] he holds the job [illegible] public pay. Some of the [illegible] like Pinchot. That's the main reason why we like him. We [illegible] his increase.

Who pinch the pint and quart [illegible] let the big boys go [illegible] There should be a cleaning [illegible] Tens of thousands [illegible] from drinking poison [illegible] and then the relatives [illegible] to say death was from [illegible] cause. More hpyocrisy.

WHEN HILLS RAVEL DOWN— And the Ocean Fills Up.

Do the hills wash away when the rain comes down? Do you get quite discouraged when you try to plow along the hillside and the dashing shower comes and the soil that would grow a crop goes down the creek on the way to the ocean.

Every drop of running water is on its way to the ocean. And every drop of water carries some little particle that will help to fill up the ocean. By this same sign the hills and the mountains wear away.

What will happen when the earth's surface is smooth? When the holes in the ocean have been filled up? We will all have to be fish and know how to swim.

When that leveling-up day comes the water will be one mile deep all around the world. There will be no place to land. Be a fish and swim or build a boat or an ark and stay on top. This is not a dream; in a few million years this will be the case. In the meantime we will have to keep on hoeing weeds and paying taxes and building roads and voting for the best or worst man or woman for president, and other jobs. Better learn to farm these hills so that your farm will not take a trip to the ocean. Grazing makes money for some folks, why not you?

WATCH THE GRADUATE— What Are They Good For?

A big corp of college and high school graduates have been ground out of the college spout and school hopper.

What are they good for? What will they do? Are they willing to work or are they looking for a soft snap job?

Does the girl graduate have time to help mother do some of the housework after commencement? Is the graduate boy or girl struck so that only society affairs are on his or her mind?

Do not be too severe with them. They are young. If they are stuck up and smart alecky now they will recover and feel funny about it. Let them wear it off. Advice will do but little good. We were all young.

SECOND-HAND WHEAT— Parched and Roasted.

"I have made good profit buying salvaged wheat and corn and feeding it to live stock, especially sheep. I keep posted on fires that burn grain elevators and storage bins. After the fire there are usually a few thousand bushels of damaged grain that is useless for grinding for flour or meal. I buy this at low price and make money doing so."

These remarks were made to Rural Welfare by a veteran farmer and stockman. He has made money on the farm. He can write his check for six figures any day and it will go as legal tender.

He has made part of his profit by deals. He keeps tab on the markets. He buys sheep and lambs from many states. He has his friends posted here and there. They report to him about live stock for sale or live stock wanted. Now and then this man has grief, but he usually wins.

How many of our Blade readers have ever tried to make money out of burned wheat or burned corn? It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.

USELESS KING BEES— Loafing Roosters.

We heard a lecture. It was a man talking. He was handing out a nice brown roast for the men, including himself.

He insisted that the men ought to die off and let ladies run the politics of the country.

He said that in a swarm of bees no work was done until the king bee was dead. Then the lady bees attended to business and brought forth a harvest. He said the bee honeymoon was mighty short. The queen bee soon got tired of her groom and let him die.

The speaker pointed out that hens will lay more eggs if left to themselves. The roosters never worked. They just loafed and did not like to work for their board.

He said that some men got married so they would get three meals a day. He insisted that all our political sickness and diseases were caused by worthless men. That it would be necessary for the women to clean up American politics.

The man who made this noise was on a street corner where street cars, trucks, automobiles and Salvation Army band were all making din and noise. He did not mind these torments. He went ahead and his crowd got bigger every minute.

He said that men did most of the mischief and the women most of the church work and moral uplifting. He said it would be a good thing if a lot of men would die young. He pleased the crowd. We had to go. Our train was due.

SOME FIFTY YEARS AGO— Life Was Full of Joy.

Are the good old days gone or on the way? Has the Golden Age passed or coming? Are we, or the ways of the world, changing?

How many of the old ways and customs cling to our country homes in these fast days of joy rides and movie pictures and tango stunts?

If we could get the story of the custom of habits and housekeeping in 100 farm homes today and compare these habits and customs of living with the ways of 50 years ago, how much difference would we find between then and now? Would the difference surprise us?

Here is a bit of suggestion from the Watchman, which is mighty suggestive and reminding of the days when we were young and when our father and mother were enjoying youth. Here it is:

Ladies rode on side saddles.

Indigestion was plain bellyache.

Hogs were slopped on buttermilk.

Men made the same wife do a lifetime.

Boys played mumbletipeg instead of poker.

Folks used toothpicks and were still polite.

Folks boiled coffee and settled it with an egg.

Left-over victuals were finished at suppertime.

The neighbors asked about your family and meant it.

The neighbors all got fresh meat at hog killing-time.

Ladies' dresses reached from the neck to the heel.

The only crooks on record were lightning rod agents.

It took 20 minutes to shine shoes with Mason's blacking.

Leeches operated more frequently than the surgeon's knife.

STATE EXPERIMENT STATION A Day's Visit Will Pay.

During the summer season slack time many farmers will arrange to visit their state experiment station. They will make good wages doing so.

Many of these station have wheat field day, live stock day, or some other special day, so that all classes of farmers can profit by spending a day at their own state station.

While at the state farm you will meet folks from other sections of your state. They will be glad to see you. You will be glad to talk to them and ask questions and find out what the other fellow thinks.

Visit the station if you have to borrow the money to go.

HOW ABOUT CONGRESS— Are You Pleased With It?

Congress under President Coolidge started to work last December. It has had a stormy session. It has disagreed with Mr. Coolidge in many ways and in many things.

It asked him to fire some of his cabinet officers because of graft and scandal charges. It has passed measures over his veto. It also failed to pass some measures over his veto.

Which is stronger in the public confidence, congress or the President? Do you agree that the soldier bonus should have been passed? Do you agree that the immigration should have become a law and the horde of aliens refused admission to our gates? Which do you prefer, the tax bill that Coolidge and Mellon wanted or the tax bill that congress passed?

Will you vote to re-elect your congressman and also to re-elect President Coolidge? Think these matters over. It's a big job to decide.

SCHOOL HAS CLOSED— Did You Get Value Received?

The last day of school has come and gone. Children are at play. How much do parents know about the year's work done in school room by their child? What do you know about the efficiency of the teacher?

Was the child anxious to be at school each day? Did your children talk about school studies and matters in the home, or were their minds on other talk and gossip?

It is a good time now to ask whether or not you got value received for the tax dollar which your school cost. Have the same teachers been employed for next year? Do you ever talk to school board members?

ROSES IN EVERY YARD— Will Beautify the Home.

We know a town that has adopted the slogan "Roses in every yard." This slogan has made a wonderful change in the appearance of this town.

This slogan will dress up any town. Put why confine a good thing like this to the town or city? It will fit the country home as well as it fits and benefits any other home.

Roses and other flowers will beautify every home and yard. The cost is not great. It's worth a lot to have good cheer and beauty around every home. More happiness inside of a flower home.

Too many houses are not homes. Just dreary, dull and dismal places. The rose bush is a missionary. Let them grow everywhere. Let roses bloom and bring happiness and good cheer to everybody.

Now is the time to take an invoice of your premises. If you are short on flowers make up your mind that you will have things different next year. Dress up the farm. Let the farm home wear a rose dress.

THE TOWN SLOWS DOWN— Our Gold Turns Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Farmer, you have had a tough time the last few years. You rather envied the town and city folks. You may have lost some of your faith in the old farm. You may have sought or thought that you wanted a job in shop or factory.

What would you do without a job? If you had some savings laid away would you enjoy digging into them just to pay for your eating and for your clothes? How would it feel to have no income and expense going on?

This is exactly what has happened to thousands in town and city. When the shop shuts down our gold turns brown. It no longer glitters and brings joy.

In the period of depression which is ahead of us, the city folks are sure to envy those who live on a farm and who can grow their meal ticket and still have a job. In the long run of years the old farm is the truest and best friend of human beings.

For a while we envy other folks, but after a while they will envy us a lot and would like to trade for our place and farm.

BUTTER MAKERS BEWARE— Big Supply From Europe.

Now comes word that foreign butter is flowing into America and if not prevented by a tariff the price of our butter will go down.

This might be a serious blow to our dairy interests. Here is one place where an honest tariff might help the American farmer get a better price for his milk.

Butter making for market is now largely conducted by creameries. They are organized. They and the dairymen should work together to save the business in this country. A tariff may save the dairy business and keep it profitable.

QUIT GROWING TURKEYS— Black-Head Killed Them.

For years an old friend of ours made money growing turkeys. Then the black-head disease hit his flock. He and his wife wasted work and wages trying to grow turkeys after this pest disease came to the farm. They have quit trying to grow this crop.

In the National Stockman we read the following:

"As a preventive begin with the turkeys when they are two or three weeks old, giving a teaspoonful of powdered ipecac to each unit of 10 turkeys, in a mash or dampened wheat twice a week, until they are 10 weeks old. Those visibly sick may be given five drops of tincture of ipecac three times, removing from the flock while being treated. This is for the young poults. The sick fowls, old and young, are separated from the flock. Each sick bird was given 10 drops of fluid extract of ipecac three times a day for three days. Then 10 drops twice a day for the following three days and 10 drops once a day for the succeeding three days or until well. Ipecac is recommended quite extensively by some turkey raisers. It is not a treatment but rather a prevention of the disease."

SET THE PICNIC DAY— Take Time to Play.

Will your rural community have any kind of a picnic or Farmers' Day this summer season? Can you afford to miss such a day?

You can arrange your work so as to have time to play a day and visit with your old friends and make new friends. You are dull indeed if you do not want to do these things.

Start in time. Fix the date. Work to it. Let other affairs keep out of the way of your picnic. Get your home town merchants to agree to close up and join with you in a gay day.

Have games and sports. Give the young folks a chance. See to it that the old folks are made comfortable and have a front seat and honorable mention in the program.

Sing songs and have the flag as the guest of honor. Keep the automobiles away from the program stand. Give those who want to hear the program a chance to hear it. If you have noise, give it a place and make it stay there. Many picnics have been unsatisfactory because the right arrangements were not made in time. Do it now.

Mr. and Mrs. Farmer, you should insist on having a few play days during the year. We only live one life and only pass this way once.

FOR CLEAN POLITICS— Should We Make Excuses.

If we belong to a political party should we be compelled to make excuses for bad conduct on the part of officeholders or so-called party leaders or bosses?

Because we have made excuses too often in the past, may this not be the reason why we have had too much grafting and rascality in our public business and official circles?

We have talked to some clear thinking persons about this matter and they often change their first opinion after thinking the question over.

Newspapers have done too much to help whitewash the faults of dishonest officials and bosses. We sometimes think too much of our political party and not enough of our country and our government.

Good men and women like to be proud of the party to which they belong and support. This is right. Governments are controlled by a party organization.

Some folks have the notion that they want to get out of their party if things do not go to suit their fancy, or if the boss has enough pull to stay in power.

Our notion that getting out of the party is the wrong way to cure evil. Kick the rascals and the grafters out and let the good folks stay in. This custom would soon improve politics and make both or all parties more righteous and virtuous. Try it. Do it in 1924.

DO YOU KNOW HOW— To Trap and Catch Chinch Bugs

When you cut wheat the hungry chinch bug may attack your corn field and expect to get its meal ticket there at your expense.

Do you know how to fight this pest which is doing damage that climbs into the millions of dollars annually? The Missouri experiment station has given a message to farmers on this subject as printed in the Prairie Farmer. Here it is:

"'Plan to plant a trap crop as shock absorber in order to check the rush of chinch bugs into your corn at wheat harvest,' says Dr. Leonard Haseman, entomologist of Missouri experiment station. 'Where corn is planted alongside infested wheat, the trap crop will pay.'

"Because growers throughout the corn belt are again turning to the discussion of ways and means for fighting the chinch bug pest, this warning is timely. Last year Dr. Haseman conducted experiments for bettering the chinch bug control in Missouri. He had ample opportunity to observe the havoc which followed the neglect to use modern methods.

"Though little progress was made for many years in the annual war with the chinch bug in the corn belt, despite the fact that millions of dollars' worth of crops have been destroyed, science has made some rapid strides during the past season. Many growers will recall Dr. Haseman's experiments with calcium cyanide, a chemical which releases a gas deadly to the chinch bug.

"The lateness of last year's experiments with trap crops made impossible at that time the recommendation to farmers to seed such barriers. However, the experiments conducted in 1923 were successful in proving the effectiveness of the trap crop method of using calcium cyanide, which will give the farmers this summer a second new and practical method of controlling the migrating bugs. The trap crop, however, is a preventative measure, and does not in any way detract from the use of the trench method, which is economical and very practical.

Calcium cyanide was extensively used in trenches last year for the control of chinch bugs in Missouri and many farmers are planning to resort to trench warfare against the pest wherever it appears in abundance again this summer. However, farmers are advised to plant a trap crop this year because it paves the way for a simple and easy method which can be used later on, if desired, in place of a trench to check chinch bug migration into the corn.

"A wise preparatory step in this new warfare on the chinch bug is to plant trap crops, and now is the time to make plans for this.

"The job is an easy one, and the results worth while. Simply reserve a strip between your corn and wheat fields, from four feet to a rod wide, depending upon the extent of chinch bug migration in your locality last year. Then about six weeks before wheat harvest, plant some quick growing crop such as Sudan grass, rye, sweet sorghum or millet. These are best, because the chinch bug likes them. When the bugs begin to migrate from the wheat later on, they will collect in this trap crop to feed. 'Then is the time you can quickly and easily destroy the chinch bug by the tens of thousands, sprinkling the flakes of calcium cyanide in the trap crop,' says Dr. Haseman. When the proper dose of this chemical is applied it releases a gas that crumples the chinch bugs, yet leaves the trap crop standing to invite the next lot of bugs as they move forward."

CHILD LABOR LAWS— Reformers May Be Deformers.

A lot of the smart set that never raised children have a great desire to write laws and rules for parents to obey in rearing a family.

Child labor laws, within reason, are worthy measures. But when the law goes so far as to practically take from the parents the right to control the child in common sense, then that law lacks sense.

We do not want children overworked. Few are. In Ohio a parent is not lawfully allowed to keep a child out of school to help if father or mother is sick or to help out in an emergency.

We wonder what Washington or Lincoln would have said about such rot. We will make the world safer for children if we will cure the bootleg disease, the drug habits and other immoral diseases of the human family. Parents are usually as much interested in their children as are some of our great unmarried reformers.

BLADE READERS RALLY— Enlarge Rural Welfare Circle.

Just ahead is the most stirring political campaign that has been waged in this country in half a century.

There will be questions to test our Americanism, our loyalty to good government, our courage to enforce law, our right to vote right.

The Weekly Blade is the great home paper of the American fireside. It gives good advice. It prints the real news of what is going on. It is a safety-first weekly message to read.

Why not every Blade reader take it upon herself or himself to get new subscribers? Why not enlarge our army of readers? By getting others to read the Blade we are doing good for our country and for ourselves.

Get more Blade readers. This is the best way to get ready to vote next November. The Blade is a safe home paper. It is safe for the young folks to read. It is a help to church and school. It is on the right side of every moral question.

Let Blade readers rally to the call for more readers. The price is within the reach of all. In fact the cost is a very low excursion rate. Co-operation for the welfare of our country. Do it now.

A REAL BOY IN OLD JERUSALEM

The International Sunday School Lesson for July 13 Is, "The Boyhood of Jesus" — Matt. 2:1-23; Luke 2:40-52.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS

NO guide book can tell a traveler what will be his most memorable experiences. I have forgotten nearly all of the starred "sights" of Nazareth; but my two most vivid experiences in the town of Jesus' boyhood were prescribed in no volumes; probably no other traveler ever duplicated them. Even my unique privilege, just one year ago, of addressing 100 eager-eyed boys in old Nazareth, takes rank below these two memories.

First of these was a midday sojourn in one of the large limestone caves, which abound in the steep hills that fence in Nazareth. I had been clambering about the country side, when I came upon this cavern, which opened out like an eye upon the little town. From within the cave I photographed Nazareth in its entirety. It was a rare place to sit in the shade and brood over the scene below; and beyond question the cave was as well known to the boy Jesus as to the olive-skinned, black-eyed Nazarene lads of today, whose appearance stirs thoughts of that other Boy, in memory of whom Nazareth has become a holy place.

Just like other boys, the Son of Mary used to roam these hills, adventuring, exploring and dreaming the "long, long thoughts" of youth. Here He learned to love the flowers and the birds that later enriched His discourses. For man's tools are of boyhood's forging; nobody ever escapes the shaping hand of his youth.

Our Day's Boy Problem.

No young godling, with the superhuman sticking out all over Him, was Jesus. The apocryphal stories of His childhood miracles cause normal minds to turn away in revolt from these legends. Jesus was a real boy, and He lived a real life in a real home in a real town. He entered upon His mission through the natural preparation of the ordinary experiences of life. To that end He had come into the world, in order that He might crowd close to every phase and feeling of human life. Boys understand Jesus, because Jesus understands boys. I seemed to see Him in the happy, handsome youngsters swimming in the Lake of Galilee; and in the boys playing in Nazareth's streets. He no more wore a halo than do they.

By way of the Nazareth Boy, we are brought face to face with our own boy problem. For of course the case of the boys is fundamental to all manhood issues. The Rotary clubs sense this in their new program of boy service. So do the leaders of the quickened Boy Scout movement. So do educators and discerning Sunday school workers. The wisest know that if the average boy's inclination toward heroism and idealism is to be witnessed, it must have the support of religion, and of the boys' Boy who became all men's Man. Give our boys the real Christ and they will become all that we fail to be.

In a Nazareth Carpenter Shop.

Next to the hillside cave, with its happy musings, I remember best about Nazareth the old-fashioned carpenter shop I once found—not the ecclesiastically overlaid "Joseph's shop" of tradition; but a real workshop of the ancient Syrian village type, where the carpenter sat on the floor, and, using both hands and feet, made yokes and plows with the same sort of tools that Joseph knew. It was a crude room, lighted only by the door, and fragrant with fresh shavings and chips.

I sat on the floor beside the workman, while his boy helper went in and out about his tasks; and through my interpreter I tried to talk with him about the life of a carpenter in Nazareth; but I had poor success, since he wanted to talk with me about the prospects of a Nazareth carpenter in America.

Nevertheless, it was in such a lowly workshop as this that Jesus learned to fashion easy yokes, after the pattern that has persisted until today; and to make the crooked-stick plow from which the farmer should not look back. Work and play, and home study in the Book that has made more men wise than all the universities of the world, were the boyhood preparations of our Lord for His ministry as the sympathetic friend of all who labor and are heavy laden.

"This is the Gospel of Labor;
Ring it, ye bells of the kirk!
The Lord of Love came down from above
To dwell with the men who work."

A Boy Who Went to Church.

Only from the natural setting of His boyhood can we reconstruct the early life of Jesus. The Bible relates but one anecdote, the experience in the Temple at 12. We have the record that He was subject unto His parents in Nazareth, and that He Himself became a carpenter, following His father's trade. Is it not strange that the calling of the carpenter is not the most popular in Christendom today? In it, one peculiarly follows in the footsteps of the Master.

Neither high school nor college training had the boy Jesus; His university was His mother's knee, the counsels of Joseph, and the teachings of the rabbis in the Saturday synagogue sessions — plus the brooding activity of an alert-minded, out-of-doors boy. What He lacked in learning He made up in wisdom; and our overtaught day needs to hear the Old Testament admonition. "With all your getting, get wisdom."

All that any country boy's first trip to the big city means to him, the visit to Jerusalem when He was 12 meant to Jesus—and far more. For now He had reached the age of a responsible "son of the law." He was going up to the holy city of countless memories, to share with the men in the feast of the passover. Most of the sacred stories with which His young mind had been filled centered in Jerusalem, the sacred shrine to which the companies of neighbors went up exultingly with psalms of acclaim upon their lips. We do not have pilgrimages in this western world, so we have no analogy in our personal experience for this festal occasion; which was at once religious, patriotic and social.

Strongly marked, and lying on the very surface of this lesson, is the obvious teaching concerning the place of religion and church-going in the life of the average young person. Church attendance by children is diminishing nowadays; and it is more than a coincidence that reverence, obedience and noble idealism are being supplanted by conceited forwardness, arrogance and small and low materialism. If the nation is ever to follow Christ, our children must first of all follow Him to the Father's house. Church going is an indispensable factor in the training of youth.

Was Jesus a Prig?

Often the boy Jesus in the Temple who, engrossed, had tarried behind when the Nazareth caravan left Jerusalem—is pictured as teaching the preachers, laying down the law to the rabbis, and in general proving Himself wiser than his elders. There is nothing in the Bible or in the character of Jesus to support this view. Jesus was no prig; no prematurely ripe prodigy; no "boy preacher." He was an acquisitive-minded lad, whose brain was full of wonder, and His parents found Him sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions. And what questions He had to ask.

Right here we approach, with awe and diffidence, not only the perpetual wonder of the awakening of a boy's soul, but the greater mystery of the self-knowledge of the Christ. Did Jesus at 12 know Himself to be God? How complete was His consciousness of His divine mission? What did He fully mean by His simple answer to His mother, "Wist ye not that I must be about the things of my Father?"

If Mary misunderstood her son—and the misunderstandings which sensitive youth undergoes are its heaviest cross—how may we be confident that we can encompass the marvel of His mind and of His mission?

Children Then and Now.

By the lightning flash of His reply to His mother we may see revealed the self-subordination of Jesus' subsequent course, when He went down to Nazareth with Joseph and Mary, and was subject unto them, exactly like a normal youth of that day when children obeyed their parents. He was not "too big" for the lowly home or the humble carpenter shop; He never called Joseph and Mary "slow" and "old-fashioned" and "behind the times."

Then follows the declaration of the three-fold development of Jesus, which has been made the basis of countless triangle addresses upon the growth of mind and body and spirit—"Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man." No boy is ever being symmetrically educated who is not displaying these triple qualities.

Of course, to parents and teachers, this is a lesson upon what God thinks about the importance of getting ready. Thirty years of preparation preceded the three years of ministry of our Lord. Contrast this example with the life of some of our modern city children, who are oversophisticated and jaded little men and women before they have fairly entered their teens. We do wrong to manhood and womanhood to rob them of a real childhood with quiet, slow and orderly growth. The foundations of home-training, of play, of church, of disciplined obedience and labor, and of normal social relationships, are needed in fullest measure, if a life is to be strong to withstand and to serve in the testing years of maturity. We can only understand Christ's three years of ministry by contemplating His 30 years of making ready.

FISH ARE SOURCE OF MANY LAUGHS

Ethiopian Prince Regent Finds Humor in Antics of Museum Carp.

Another victory for the fish.

He made Ras Taffari laugh.

Cable dispatches tell how the Parisian hosts of the prince regent of Ethiopia took him to the opera, to the zoo, to a motion picture, to an airplane race and to the museums. And all the while his highness was as solemn as Solomon, his distinguished ancestor.

Then, one day, he visited Fontainebleau and there he laughed! His mirth was aroused by the antics of the carp in an artificial pond.

"The incident is not surprising," says the Washington, D. C., headquarters of the National Geographic society. John Oliver LaGorce, in a communication to the society writes:

"Humankind takes a deep interest in animate things, and fish seem to have a peculiar and potent appeal to man. The child turns from toy and pet to gaze upon goldfish in a tiny bowl; the adult will sit by stream or in a boat by the hour in the hope of landing a 'string.' Angling, in fact, makes the whole world related. It is one of the few sports that knows no flag nor race."

Section of Pearl Resembles Onion

The popularity of the pearl in Paris recently was so great that a string of them is said to have sold for 11,000,000 francs, or, in American currency when the rate of exchange is normal, about $2,000,000.

But at the say-so of scientists, the priceless pearl should blush at its birth, for it is procreated by parasites that secretly slide in the shell of the unsuspecting oyster. On examination, it will be disclosed that a cross-section of the pearl closely resembles that of the odoriferous onion, garden variety.

Like the diamond, which is concentrated carbon, the pearl is layers of limestone. This substance, called nacreous matter, is built around a parasite to form a pearl. If it is spread over the inside of the shell it becomes "mother of pearl." Or if it is built on a bump in the oyster's domain, it is called a "button pearl." Like insanity, it is just a matter of degree.

It seems probable that the mineral and vitamin contents of dairy feed may have an important bearing on the reproductive ability of dairy cattle, a statement from the United States department of agriculture says.

DOGS TRAINED TO GUIDE BLIND

Female Shepherds Chosen as Most Dependable by German Teachers.

In this historic city, where once Frederick the Great, lover of animals, erected burial mounds for his favorite greyhounds directly outside Sans Souci castle, there has been established a national training school for a type of dog conspicuous for the Red Cross insignia carried on his harness—the guide dog for blinded soldiers.

Infinite patience must be exercised by the two trainers in charge to prepare the dogs for their task. Those selected are almost invariably female shepherds. Males are apt to forget their duties when they see a good chance for a fight. With the female the maternal instinct, the feeling of caring affectionately for the blind master, is uppermost.

Ruecker and Wecherling, the two trainers of the Potsdam kennel, put the dogs through a rigid course of training in which, however, the whip is never applied. The dog must learn to walk slowly, to obey the master's every word, to fetch things for him when desired, not only to avoid holes and projections and ditches dangerous to itself, but also to pull the master over far enough for him also to avoid danger.

When the time has come for the dog to pass its final examination the trainer harnesses the dog and bids it lead its teacher, whose eyes are blindfolded for the purpose, through Potsdam.

Next the prospective master is sent for. All blind persons who desire guide dogs must take up residence in the training school for a period of six weeks, so that master and dog may get used to each other. During the six-week trial period, the shepherd dog remains at the prospective master's side day and night.

The Potsdam trainers figure that no guide-dog lasts longer than four or five years. After that it is a nervous wreck. There have been numerous cases on record of such dogs going crazy from actual nervousness.

LAVA HOLLOWS FREAK CAVERN

Formations in Crater Park Bear Resemblance to Moon Views.

The "Crater of the Moon" section, located about 40 miles south of Arco, Idaho, and recently made a national monument by action of President Coolidge, is so named because its weird lava formations bear a marked resemblance to the moon as seen through a telescope.

Countless years ago this area, located in a valley about 25 miles long and three miles wide, was the scene of great volcanic activity. Surrounding the district is timberland which abounds with wild animals.

A freak of the region is an immense underground cavern, hollowed out by a seething flow of molten lava, and down which automobiles can be driven for a considerable distance.

Other caverns glow with phosphorescent tints of volcanic ash, dead and cold, yet presenting the appearance of an active volcano. There are no rattlesnakes or other reptiles in the district, despite the fact that similar lava territory elsewhere is literally alive with them. Why there are no snakes in the "craters" is a question which no one can decide.

The region is not far from the beaten paths of tourist travel to Yellowstone National park.

Fourth Celebrated in London Dinner

Ambassador Kellogg entertained several thousand British and Americans at the embassy and presided at the annual dinner of the American society. At the dinner were cabinet members, including Arthur Henderson, Philip Snowden, Lord Oliver and J. H. Thomas.

In a facetious vein Mr. Thomas said that if the Americans of 1776 had dreamed a labor government would have attained power in England in 1924, the split between the old country and the colonies would not have occurred.

"We cannot blame them; we can only sympathize," he said. "We cannot condemn them, for they know not what they did."

Toasting the "day we celebrate," Ambassador Kellog said the principles upon which the United States was founded were those for which the British people had struggled and fought for 500 years. They were the same principles the United British and American peoples fought for during the World war and the principles the forthcoming allied conference would attempt to follow for the betterment of the world's civilization.

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SUGARED BLOOD FEATURES FEAST

African Tidbit Is Served at Paris Banquet Arranged for Epicures.

Sugared blood, prepared with aromatic yeast of wine, a dainty African tidbit, was the dessert at the annual banquet of the Society of Acclimatization, in the dining room of the Gare de Lyons in Paris, recently.

Once a year this society gives a formal dinner in which exotic foods from the four corners of the earth are brought together for Paris' most particular gourmets. Humming birds' wings and snake steaks leave the realms of simile and become actual food at this annual gastronomic spree.

The only limit put on the chef is not to patronize the dishes of the Cannibal Isles.

Moroccan caviar, consisting of the eggs of the muge fish, prepared in Fedbala, Morocco, was the first course. The "pijerry" the so-called "king fish of Argentina," famed for its tender meat, came next, accompanied by rice cooked by an Annamite from Indo-China. The rice was moistened with "nuoc-nam," the juice extracted from an Oriental fish.

Moroccan couscous had as a vegetable side dish creamed salicornes, commonly known as "glasswort." Canadian maple sugar, unknown to the Parisian, prepared the way for the sugared blood, mixed by Doctor Gaudicheau. Coffee from Annam finished the dinner.

Prince Joachim Murat is the president of the society.

CURIOUS CITY HAS ONLY HUTS

Asir Believed to Be Least Known of Countries Allied in War.

When France elects a new president or England reorganizes her cabinet the news is flashed around the world; Asir's dethronement of an emir passes practically unnoticed.

"Yet Asir is a country of a million people, it was associated with the allies in the war, and it was playing its part in the ancient world when our European ancestors were dressing in skins and living in caves." So says the National Geographic society.

"Where is Asir? The one certain statement on that point is that its western boundary is the Red sea. It lies between the southern border of Hedjaz—wherever that border is—and the northern frontier of Yemen—wherever that is. Even more hazy is its eastern delimitation from Nedj.

"It was only recently that an official in India visited Asir's capital, Sabiyah, and gave the outside world the first description of this curious seat of government—a city of huts. These round huts are by no means squalid; they are circular, beehive structures, made of clay laid upon a palm leaf base. A recent emir decided to build a more distinctive executive mansion, so he chose mud brick and had erected a three-story palace. A few wealthy merchants copied this innovation.

"The coast of Asir is a lowland zone 20 or 30 miles wide, and back of this strip lie the mountains and valleys which are virtually unknown."

Geneva Printers Set Up Gaelic

The Irish Free State, by virtue of its membership in the League of Nations, has become a member of the International Labor office at Geneva. As documents are printed in the language of all countries which are members, copies have now been issued printed in the Irish language.

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We will not, knowingly, accept advertising from a dishonest concern. Our readers are our friends and an advertisement is an introduction of the advertiser into the homes of our friends.

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When you answer an advertisement, refer to The Weekly Blade.

THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1924

The country needs a lot of nonpartisan prayers.

After the blistering-hot convention many Democrats may feel like keeping cool with Coolidge.

It takes two to make a complete working model of the Golden Rule.

Lima Beane says the fat woman always thinks the other fat woman is fatter than she.

It must have been the hogs, the devil they became possessed of the devil and dashed into the sea, that put the grunt into disgruntled.

Cheap gas and ample parking room may yet become embodied in the popular idea of heaven.

They call 'em bouncing baby boys, but observation tells us that girls also bounce.

It's funny about nature, making prunes more healthful than strawberries.

What the platform says is not always the consensus of party opinion.

Doheny, liberal Democratic campaign contributor, indicted. Deafening applause.

It's too bad for the birds that Noah didn't put the cat out.

Reckless drivers make the crossroads cross.

It's a mistake to assume there are no money-devils in the Democratic party.

When it comes to doing something to avoid an argument the hardest thing to swallow is the lump in one's throat.

Good old songs live because they are not whistled to death.

Though the sun is said to be a good physician many of us prefer the shade.

Many Democrats remember when they used to nominate Mr. Bryan regularly.

They say the woman always pays. They forget about the alimony.

Fashion has no right to make a human being look like a freak.

Most of the time somebody is trying to get everybody to believe something that isn't true.

We have an idea the dog was created first, then the cat—that the dog might have something to chase up a tree.

It is possible to be reasonably well contented and not know it.

There will be some genuine campaign enthusiasm this year, as always, and then there will be the ardent partisan who will agree to roll a peanut up the hill if his party loses.

Hope for the best and work for a fair average.

Well, the 1824 presidential campaign has been as thoroughly advertised as cigarets.

It takes hundreds of men, rated as failures, to make what is called a successful man.

To err is human, unless the other fellow makes the mistake.

Eventually the trouble-maker has more trouble than those for whom he made trouble.

In his keynote speech Senator Pat Harrison blamed President Coolidge for keeping still. And when Pat got through silence went up a hundred per cent in value. It was never before so golden.

Prayer is a good thing when it keeps men from fighting.

While there are only two Republican parties the Democrats have half a dozen Democratic parties.

Before condemning the wild young people too severely we ought to reflect that most sins are old-fashioned.

When a flivver gets sick it can be just as sick as a sick limousine.

Among the lower animals one sex doesn't kill the other because of love. That sort of thing is left to human beings.

Men wish they were boys again and boys are anxious to become men. Wishing is an exciting game.

Farmers are in hard luck, but it is doubtful if they would be willing to divide their farms with the communists.

One syndicate writer says unhappiness is a disease. If he wants to do something for humanity let him point out the way to catch happiness.

Everybody has a right to the use of the highways, but now and then a motorist gets the idea his is the exclusive right.

Anyway, the Democrats are not in position to go about in the coming campaign telling people to 'Keep Kool with Koolidge.

Some day Wall Street is going to find out that William J. Bryan doesn't love it.

A platform is no stronger than its weakest link.

It has been developed by the New York convention that there is a difference between cheers and cheerfulness.

Time spent in regrets is wasted, and wasted hours mean more regrets in the future. An endless chain of unhappiness.

In politics everybody feels free to express an opinion without fear of being considered crazy.

Pandemonium is nonpartisan.

A Party of Factions

The bitter fight in the Democratic convention is no dependable sign of difference in the party that cannot be healed before election day. The Democrats have had factional quarrels before. They are more accustomed to them than the Republicans. The party is made up of elements that, at heart, have little sentiment and few principles in common. But ordinarily the organization manages to forget its discord and dissension before election day and to present a fairly solid front to its political adversary.

No Republican leader who is familiar with the history of American politics will lessen his labors upon the chance that the Democratic disputation will continue into November. The healing that will have to be done will be in the North. The Solid South almost surely will vote Democratic as in the past. It is an enormous advantage to a party to have a great block of votes that, despite factional fights, jealousies, feuds and economic evolution, will invariably be cast the same way.

Engineers sometimes explain the collapse of metal structures as due to persistent and unrelieved strains. The smelting has been bad or the alloys have been incompatible.

The Democratic party has been subject to strains for a great many years. These have become more pronounced since the World war than they were apparent before. The Democrats of the North and those of the South have been developing almost a racial cleavage. The Southern leadership is unwaveringly dry. The leadership in the North is wet. Masses of Democrats in two or three big cities of the North have been demanding more loudly than ever that the protective tariff be lowered. As industry has extended in the South converts to the protective tariff have been made by wholesale.

Some day the set of strands that have been pulling and hauling in the Democratic party will bring about a grand and permanent smash-up. There will be a new alignment. There will be as much agreement over general principles in the Democratic fold as among the greater mass of the Republicans. The Solid South will be no more, and voters there will mark their ballots according to the opinions and sentiments they entertain and not according to the conviction of their grandfathers and great-grandfathers.

It is unlikely that this will be the year of the Democratic explosion. The strains, bad as they are, do not appear sufficient to cause the predicted collapse. The Republicans still have their work cut out for them and must fight for their ticket as energetically and intelligently as if the Democratic convention had been a meeting of brethren taking turns at sitting in one another's laps.

In Spite of Science

News out of Belgrade, capital of the new state of Jugo-Slavia, deals with the finding of a fossilized man whose skeleton is forty-five feet long and whose well-preserved teeth are eighteen inches from root to cutting edge. The relic was dug up by workers on a railroad construction job.

Of course science will cry "fake" at once. It will argue that if such a skeleton has been found that it belonged to some Cretaceous lizard or a Pliocene quadruped or, indeed, is more likely to be a shark than a land creature which once stood upright.

Just the same many thousands of people will welcome the report of the discovery as originally announced. They want to believe in giants, so infinitely more interesting than Dinosaurs. They want to believe that once upon a time one Jack sharpened upon his wits and his hardware and set out valiantly to reduce the surplus of giants in the land. These folk are fed up on scientific precision. They are tired of the cold logic of scientific inquiry. If one could get at the psychological roots of the Fundamentalist movement one might find that it was, at base, a reaction in favor of a kind of marvels the human race is accutomed to as against the sort of marvels that require a microscope or a telescope or an electrometer to make manifest. A tale is floating about concerning a Fundamentalist who used the Radio to broadcast a condemnation of science. He wasn't so much inconsistent as human. Like many others of us he is in the mood just now to welcome back the giants and the fairies—simple, understandable creatures needing no jargon of modern biological science to describe.

Afraid of the Ghosts

Franklin Roosevelt might denounce the Republican administration for holding back from direct participation in European politics. Newton D. Baker might talk long and eloquently for whole-hearted support of the foreign policy of his departed chief, Woodrow Wilson. Yet the fact remains that a very large part of the Democratic party is opposed to American entrance into the League of Nations. The further fact remains that this sentiment is enormously stronger, more firm of jaw and resolute, than it was four years ago.

Personally Woodrow Wilson may be beloved by his former followers. But the spirit of his idealism, so far as it is related to the League of Nations, does not go marching on.

It has been the practice of Democratic speakers and writers to contend that the seven million plurality for Warren G. Harding had no connection whatever with the issue of the world league. These speakers and writers belie their words now. They show today a very considerable amount of fear of the league issue. They show that they would like to have the thing forgotten. They have put up a struggle to bury a League of Nations plank or, in lieu of that, to make it as mild as milk and as meaningless as the Choctaw language to a Chinaman. The shadow of those seven million votes hangs over them.

It is a somewhat pathetic fact that in these four years the League of Nations has not supplied its friends and supporters in America a single new argument for it. It has, on the other hand, supplied arguments for the opposition. For the League has been timid. It has been ineffective. It has left it to the Washington conference, called by President Harding, to accomplish the one big outstanding service for the cause of peace among men.

There will be no stressing of the League issue in this campaign by the practical managers and spellbinders of the Democratic party. They will be as much afraid of it as a believer in ghosts is of graveyards after nightfall.

Coast-to-Coast Air Mail

The new transcontinental aerial mail service will operate on a schedule of 34 hours from coast to coast. Flying will go on by day and night, in rain or snow or any weather condition of less menace than a gale.

Such a service could not be established by a mere issue of orders or the purchase of a few score of airplanes. To get the mails across the continent in 34 hours a system for the handling of the correspondence had to be organized, landing fields had to be bought and equipped, repair stations set up, lights and signals worked out, means provided for the feeding and shelter of aeronauts. The second assistant postmaster says that it has taken five years for the aerial mail to get to the point where it could undertake a coast-to-coast postal traffic.

The expansion of this transportation can but remind many people who are far from counting themselves old it was only a short time ago that news came of the success of the Wright brothers with their crude flying machine—news that, for the most part, was received with incredulity. In the years since then, the airplane has passed through the stages of county fair thrillers, the plaything of a few daring experimenters, first a scout in war and then a carrier of bombs and poison gas, an object of suspicion and disdain before hidebound naval and army boards, the transport of tourists and finally mechanism for racing with the sun.

The cross-country mail service is a prelude to commercial development. For if letters can be borne from the Atlantic to the Pacific by aerial post with regularity, so also can passengers be carried by planes as swift and reliable.

The Untaxed Sixth

The National Industrial Conference board estimates that property to the value of fifty-five billions of dollars escapes taxation.

Part of this property is church land and buildings, schools and the structures of welfare associations. Part consists of the holdings of cemetery associations, scientific laboratories and observatories, literary organizations and other societies whose activities are not for the purpose of gain. In some states temperance societies are not taxed though, in instances, they have accumulated large amounts of property. In several states exemptions are allowed to clergymen, widows and orphans. Other immunities are allowed to endowments and foundations. Federal, state and local government securities amounting to about thirty-four billions of dollars bring in no revenue to the tax collectors.

These are exemptions under the law, those by the familiar processes of tax dodging being ignored in the study. The total fifty-five billions, "represents more than one-sixth of our national wealth on the basis of the revised figures of wealth, and is equal roughly to one-third of all property assessed under the general property tax which forms the bulwark of state and local government finance."

Most of the exemptions seem to be justified on the basis of charity, the encouragement of learning and morals and the borrowings of public funds at low interest. But all these exemptions are increasing not only in number, but also in the amount of property quarantined from taxation. In 1912, the exempted real property was worth about twelve and a third billion. Ten years later it exceeded twenty billions in value.

The costs of government have to be met. The taxes have to be paid. As more and more property is exempted, as more and more wealthy people transfer their holdings to tax-free securities, as more and more persons get into those public jobs whose salaries are not levied on income taxes—as this process goes on the burden of taxes becomes concentrated upon a smaller mass of citizens.

"Students of fiscal science," says the board, "are fully familiar with the fact that the general property tax has suffered a complete breakdown." This may presage a complete breakdown of the class that is now carrying the enormous tax load and is so confidently counted upon by government officers and lawmakers to carry still heavier burdens with patience.

GOING TO MANILA SCHOOL

Ranks High for Everyday Learning

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER

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GEE, but I'm tired!" I have spent the day in a flivver motoring around to the public schools of Manila, trying to get a bird's-eye view of the educational work going on in this capital of the Philippine Islands. As yet I have been able to visit only about one-tenth of the primary and secondary schools, including the high schools, trade schools, private schools, academies and the several large universities. Manila has 91 public school buildings, and in these day and night, taken together, about 60,000 pupils are in daily attendance. There are 53,500 boys and girls in the day schools, and one in five of the whole population goes to a public school of some kind or other. In addition there are about 20,000 in the private schools, so I may say that almost one in four of this big city of Manila is on the school roll.

But figures mean nothing without concrete comparisons. Let me show you how this school attendance compares with that of some of the big cities of the United States. We have here about as many citizens as Seattle or Indianapolis, but each of those cities lags far behind us in the number of pupils. New Orleans has 80,000 more people than Manila, and its school children are one-third less in number. Louisville, which is only a bit smaller than Manila, has about half as many children going to school; and the super-intelligent capital of our nation which surpasses this capital of the Philippines in population by 200,000, has 1,000 less school children in daily attendance. Among our other big cities which have fewer school children than Manila are Cincinnati, Buffalo, St. Paul and Denver. Boston, the high-browed, considers herself the peak of American culture. She is two and a half times bigger than Manila, but her public school attendance is only double that of this city. Either Philadelphia or Chicago would have to double its school attendance per capita to equal that of Manila. Both of those cities have compulsory education laws. The Filipinos hardly need it, for they scramble to get into the schools, and within the past half decade Manila has been adding 4,000 more school children each year. There is no such thing in these islands as:

"the whining school boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school."

General McCoy, Governor Wood's chief of staff, tells me that the Filipino children whine if they can't go to school; they go on the run and the great trouble is in putting up new school buildings fast enough to accommodate them.

Where Money Comes From.

Keep your hand off your pocketbook! Don't pinch the American eagle so that she screams on your half-dollars and quarters. The money does not come out of your pockets nor mine. Every bit of it is now paid by the Filipinos themselves, and every cent comes out of the Islands. The public school bill last year was more than $11,000,000, which is more than $1 a head or $5 per family, including everyone in the archipelago from Formosa to Borneo.

Now compare the bill with those of some of our states. These people are annually spending more upon education each year than Oregon, Maryland, Kentucky or Georgia. They spend six times as much as Delaware, and about twice as much as South Carolina or Mississippi, those great states of the South, and three times as much as Vermont or New Hampshire, the home of Simon pure Yankees. They spend one-tenth as much as the state of New York, which has about the same population, and one-third as much as Texas, which is more than two and one-half times as big and has oodles of public school lands.

Moreover, these schools are run by the Filipinos. The buildings number in all 7,000 or 8,000, and of the almost 26,000 school teachers only 326 are Americans. These are the figures of October last year, when 25,487 Filipino teachers, women and men, were doing daily work in the schools. Moreover, all the teaching is in English, and the school work is all done in that tongue. Think of 1,100,000 Filipino children going through their school work in English, day in and day out, and you have one of the surprises of the Philippines.

Waking Up a Nation.

I wonder if you realize what this means. It is a wonderful work that Uncle Sam has been doing in these Islands with the ardent co-operation of the people themselves. He has put new life into the brains of about 11,000,000 people, and both wild men and civilized are using their heads as never before. When I visited the Philippines in 1900 education was almost unknown. The majority of the people had no schooling whatever, 80 per cent were densely ignorant, and not one man in 10 could read or write. The few schools, such as they were, had been broken up by the war and the troubles with the Spaniards, and about the only teaching was that of the friars, who were inculcating the knowledge of the Middle Ages.

During my stay some schools were organized by the army, and an ex-soldier put at the head of the bureau of education. Then Uncle Sam began to bring in the American schoolma'am and teach the children in English. What a job that was, you stay-at-home Americans will never know. Only about seven per cent of the population of the Islands could speak Spanish; the people carried on their work in 87 different dialects, and they were divided into more than 40 ethnographic groups or tribes. Even the Christian Filipinos had 16 different dialects, and these were so varied that the better class man of Cebu or Negros could hardly make himself understood to the man of Luzon. The Moros have a dozen different dialects, and the Mohammedans of the Sulu Islands could hardly understand the people of the same religion who live around Lake Linao in Mindanao. It was the same all over the Islands. There was no common language, and to the natives English was as puzzling as Sanskrit.

Giving Filipinos a Language.

Today the many different peoples of the archipelago have been given one tongue from Borneo to Formosa. This is the English language. Twenty-six thousand teachers are now using it in as many schoolrooms, and in it more than 1,000,000 children carry on all their school work. We started this teaching of English with something like 800 American teachers, and the native teachers had to work hard to learn English fast enough for their pupils. Some of them studied English at night, and taught what they learned the next day. Now the American teachers are less than half as many as they were at the start, and the 25,000 Filipino teachers have all graduated from normal schools. They all read and speak English fairly well. There is hardly a village in the islands that has not a number of English-speaking boys and girls, and the younger generation is growing up with English as its thought-language and book-language.

This means much to the Philippines. It means the gradual unification of the peoples and races, and binding them together into one nation.

The Two Flags.

But come with me and take a look at some of these 91 school buildings of Manila, in which, as I have said, there are 50,000 school children. We shall see 30 or 40 as we go by in our motor car and have time to visit a few. Professor H. A. Bordner, the city superintendent, is with us. The schools are practically the same in all parts of the city, and those we see will be a type of the whole. We shall find that every one is decorated with flowers and tropical plants and that nearly all have their school gardens. They have playgrounds as large as those of the United States, and on the whole, they are more artistic and pleasing. Over the front of each float the American and Filipino flags, and the children salute these two flags every morning. They face the flags again at the end of the hall, and each day they sing "The Star Spangled Banner" and follow it with their own national song, "Philippines, My Philippines." This is to the tune of "Maryland, My Maryland." There is no question about the patriotism of the children, nor, I might say, about their respect for the United States. In every school building are pictures of George Washington and others of our national heroes, and in many those of Rizal, the great Filipino who opposed the injustice of the Spanish regime.

The buildings are mostly of two stories, the old ones of concrete and the new ones of wood on a concrete foundation. They are large. Many of them have 40 to 60 rooms, and 1,000 or 2,000 children in a single building is by no means uncommon. The buildings are very artistic, and are constructed after plans suited to the climate. A common type surrounds a hollow square with wide galleries or porches along each story and looking down upon a school yard bordered with flowers and wonderful plants of the tropics.

Entering the buildings, you first notice the floors. They are of Filipino mahogany, a smooth dark wood that shines like a piece of fine furniture. If you will imagine your children walking over the tops of grand pianos, you will have one of the conditions of the schools of Manila. The halls are wide and high, and they are floored with red tiles as smooth and clean as those of your bathroom. Each tile is of about the size of the ordinary primary geography, and it fits smooth and close. The walls of many of the halls have a wainscoting of mahogany reaching to the height of your head, and the woodwork above that, including the ceiling, has a coat of white lead.

These halls and every room of the building have, notwithstanding the blazing hot sun of the tropics, a light that is as mellow as that of a cathedral, but fully as bright as midday at home when the sun is not shining. It is made by filtering the sun through transparent pearl shells about as thick as your thumb nail. These shells are fitted into a lattice work of dark red mahogany, and there are thousands of them in each building. I figured the number in a graded school as I went through today. The building had 600 windows, each as large as the ordinary school window at home, and each window had 225 of these shells, taken from the shores of Manila Bay. Multiplying 600 by 225 makes 135,000, which is the actual number of the pearl squares in that one building, not including the lights at the ends of the halls. This gives also an idea of the size of the structure. The number of pupils was almost 2,000. The building with the land cost almost $150,000. It had 36 class rooms, a kitchen, a carpenter shop, some school offices, and a library.

In the School Rooms.

The architecture of these schools embraces features that might profitably be adopted at home. The halls run through the buildings with the school rooms on each side, all floored and lighted as I have described. This gives a row of rooms on each side of the hall. Each room is 20 to 30 feet square with a high ceiling, and is lighted by windows that swing in and out upon pivots so as to regulate the light and air. The walls between the rooms—and this is a most remarkable feature—are doors of mahogany extending almost to the ceiling, which can be folded so that within a few minutes the whole row of rooms on one side of a hall can be thrown into one. The rooms can be enlarged or diminished in size at the will of the teacher.

The school furniture formerly came from the States. It was bought in large lots and was comparatively cheap. Now it is made here in Manila and elsewhere throughout the Islands, and in some cases it is the work of the children themselves. The school desks are a bit rough, but they cost perhaps one-fifth as much as the imported desks of the past. Every school room is well supplied with desks, with blackboards between frames of mahogany running along the walls from one end to the other, with a sand table and maps, and some fairly good pictures although often no more than prints.

I have been surprised at the cleanliness of the buildings and all their surroundings. The floors are like those of a Dutch kitchen after it has been scrubbed, and the superintendent of the schools defied me to find dust anywhere. I never take a dare, so I put my hand on the little shelf over the blackboard and rubbed it about. It came off clean. I then took my handkerchief and rubbed it along from one end of the frame to the other; it was as clean as when it came from my pocket.

This brought up the question of the cleanliness of the children. I think the Filipinos are naturally clean, but the school regulations insist that every boy and girl must come to school with his clothing in order and with clean face and hands, and what is more, clean and well-kept fingernails. As I went through the schools I picked out a boy and girl now and then and made an inspection. It was a constant surprise. Not a finger nail was in mourning, and the little hands seemed fresh from the bath. I did this in different rooms, for, you know, sometimes children are dressed up for inspection. I can assure you they were not in this case. The hair of the little girls uniformly hung down their backs in one or two thick, black braids, and their dresses and collars were often trimmed with lace.

The teaching of embroidery and other industries begins as soon as a child enters a school, and some of the beautiful pieces sold in the States are the work of the pupils. The boys learn to make hats and baskets. There is a period of industrial work every day, and no girl can enter the high school without having gone through courses in embroidery, plain sewing, clothes-making, and how to manage a home, including the care of infants. I am told that after passing through the first few grades the girls make their own clothes; I saw some beautiful garments upon which they were working as I went through.

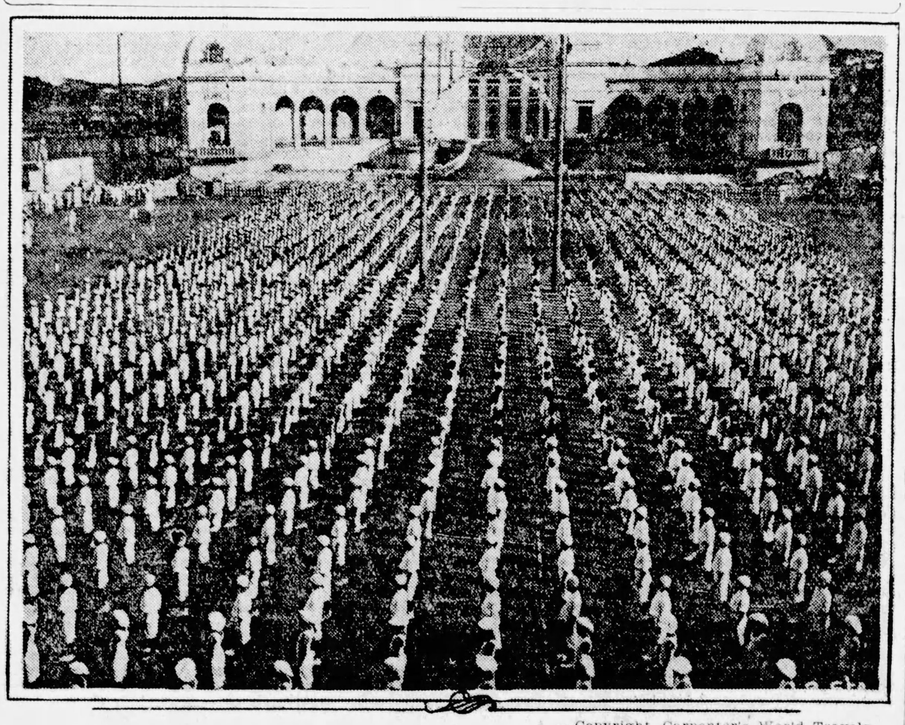
Teacher and Classes.

We strolled through the buildings, now and then stopping to talk to a teacher, to listen to a song in English sung by the children, to hear a class recite its lessons, and to ask the children questions of one kind or another. I was charmed with the teachers. Those I met are educated women, quite as well dressed as our women at home. They speak good English and seem to understand their jobs. The superintendents of some of the buildings were men clad in white duck, and looking as though they had just come out of a bandbox. All were courteous and polite, and it seemed to me that every child I met was quite as well bred as the average of our children at home. The American teachers tell me that the little Filipinos are more docile than the little Americans and easier to govern.

I wish I could show you the recess period in these 91 schools. It occurs at the same hour throughout the city, when 50,000 children are going through the exercises I shall describe. At the exact minute in the central hall of each building a gong beaten by a boy calls the children to order. The piano plays, and each class forms in line and enters the halls. They march double file along the galleries keeping step, and then go downstairs in the same order to the playgrounds, which may cover an acre. The classes of the same grade, boys and girls, face each other from the opposite sides of the ground. At a signal from the teacher they engage in competitive exercises, each grade striving with others of the same grade in certain play that develops the body and stimulates the ambition. Some of the fourth grade boys and girls were running competitive races, every child doing its best. In another part of the ground they were playing leap frog, and farther on "Ring around the Rosy" or "London Bridge is falling down," singing the words out in English. I cannot describe all the sports. The children thought they were playing, and did not realize that they were going through a set of athletics planned especially for their physical and mental development.

After 10 minutes so spent the gong sounded, and this part of the recess was ended. For the rest of the time the children did as they pleased, many taking their lunch and others engaging in one kind of play or another. The luncheon is cooked by the older children, and it is sold at cost. The prices range from one centavo to 10, or from half a cent to a nickel in American money.

Athletics for Everybody



—Copyright, Carpenter's World Travels.

IN the Philippines they believe in athletics for everyone, and 96 per cent of the pupils enrolled in the elementary and secondary schools take part in the annual program of mass drills and games.

ABE MARTIN

Ike Lark says he'd rather be right than live in Wisconsin.

Ther seems t' be somethin' about bein' poor that makes a feller want a large family.

JUST FOLKS

BY EDGAR A. GUEST

Money Can Do Anything

Money can do anything!
Foolish mind that thinks this true.
Money can do anything!
There is much it cannot do.
Money can buy this or that,
But when all is said and done,
Men, with wallets bulging fat,
Money cannot raise a son!

Money can do anything!
Men of wealth, be not so sure!
Money can do anything!
Sin and shame it cannot cure.
Money smooths the way for you,
But to this be reconciled—
This is what it cannot do,
Money cannot raise a child!

Money can do anything!
Blind the man believing this.
Money can do anything!
Ignorance that's labeled bliss!
It buys many a happy hour,
But with children, this you face:
Even with its awful power,
Money cannot take your place!

Money can do anything!
Fling away this base belief.
Money can do anything!
It will bring your home to grief.
Know your lad and train his mind,
Yours the task, and yours the joy,
Or too late you'll come to find
Money cannot raise a boy.

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Rippling Rhymes

BY WALT MASON

No Envy

IN MY four-cylinder calash I journey here and there; its crankshaft, made of seasoned ash, has energy to spare. The body, made of choicest tin, is much in need of paint; I know the fenders are a sin, the ancient top looks quaint. It has a homemade steering wheel, with wire together tied; and yet when driving it I feel all swollen up with pride. For this old bus is all my own, I owe no man a groat; and like a king upon his throne I sit and guide my boat. The sparkplugs are not very good, I fashioned them of zinc; the pistons made of cottonwood, are sometimes on the blink; but they are mine, such as they are, my credit's good and clean; and so I tool my groaning car with high and haughty mien. My wagon lacks the modern curves, it has no four-wheel brakes; its action's hard upon the nerves, it bucks and creaks and shakes; and yet no man can view my truck, and say, "I'll call police unless you pay the silver buck you owe for gas and grease. I'll summon here the halberdiers, unless you pay me now for fixing up your busted gears that time you killed a cow." I'd rather drive a rusty bus and owe no man a cent than scorch around with pomp and fuss while creditors lament.

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VARIETIES

Dragon flies keep all four wings out when resting.

In 1920 France, Italy and Belgium imported 304,000 tons of beef.

Electricity is being used in place of sunlight to dry walnuts in California.

Of the population of China more than 70 per cent work seven days in the week.

Modern ice skating rinks have grinders to sharpen the skates while the users rest.

The British commonwealth of nations embraces one-fourth of the inhabited earth.

A long distance gauge glass for showing the water level in a boiler has been invented.

Wood is used for the manufacture of artificial silk, rope, carpets and other fabrics.

The birth rate for the first six months of this year was 22.7 for each 1,000 population.

The automobile manufacturing plants of Canada are operated mainly by American capital.

Of 145,000 employed boys in New York state 80 per cent had left school at 14 or earlier.

During the 19th century the population of the world grew from 640,000,000 to 1,600,000,000.

"Scratching posts" of wood are now provided in all the animal cages at the London zoo.

Canada holds the last great area of unoccupied land to be had for nothing or at nominal cost.

In the last century fresh discoveries of jade have been made in Siberia and Central Europe.

Canadian manufacturing establishments produce $450 worth of products per capita annually.

Of every 100 men who begin as railroad firemen only five reach the position of passenger engineer.

Trachoma, a preventable eye disease, is especially prevalent among reservation Indians in Minnesota.

South Africans like ice cream so well that they are making a study of American methods of manufacture.

Dipping cows for the eradication of cattle fever ticks, if properly done, has no effect upon the flow of milk.

It is estimated that there is more than 10,000,000 hydro-electric horsepower in the basin of the Columbia river.

The only monument to a tree stands in a field in Madison county, Iowa, in honor of the Iowan apple, Delicious.

The first commercially successful overhead trolley car appeared in this country in Richmond, Va., May 4, 1888.

Newest apartments have ranges built into recesses, so that a curtain may be hung over the opening to conceal the stove.

The Illecillewaet glacier at Glacier, British Columbia, has retreated at the rate of 112.5 feet a year for the last four years.

John Burroughs, famous naturalist, obtained money to buy books by tapping maple trees and selling the sugar, in his youth.

A formula has been recently discovered by which a factory in Bohemia makes what is said to be practically unbreakable glass.

The flamingo is the only member of the stork tribe that builds a nest of mud. These birds, which live in large flocks, sleep standing on one leg.

White ants or termites, not only cause great damage to woodwork in the tropics but seriously injure or even kill living trees by eating their roots.

Curable child cripples at a clinic in India are made to exercise daily before a mirror, which gives them greater interest in the progress of their recovery.

The Black Museum at Scotland Yard, is decorated with a frieze of murderers' heads — plaster casts taken from famous criminals after their execution.

Native "flappers" in the Samoan islands bob their hair and give it the latest fashionable auburn tint with a wash made from the leaves of a wild plant.

It is estimated that the atmosphere of the planet Venus contains less than one-thousandth of the amount of oxygen present in the earth's atmosphere.

Shantung, the Chinese province in which the recent bandit holdup was staged, has a climate similar to that of Maine and is more thickly populated than Rhode Island.

A large track-laying tractor is used by a mining company in northern Ontario to transport silver ore 22 miles from the mine to the mill cheaper than by water.

One scientist has figured out that the physical strength of the average woman in comparison with her average weight, is less than two-thirds that of the average man.

The everglades region of Florida is the largest catfish producing center in the United States. Every season between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000 pounds of the fish are shipped from this section.

Dr. Benjamin F. Bailey, young interne at St. Vincent's hospital, Norfolk, Va., with a set of borrowed instruments and by the manipulation of small mirrors successfully removed his own tonsils.

As a result of the recent rubber depression in the Federated Malay States, extensive experiments are being made in the cultivation of various crops suitable to the development of more diversified farming.

Chemists at the University of Washington are experimenting with oleoresin, a fluid found in pockets in the Douglas fir, in an effort to produce a substitute for commercial turpentine now obtained from our rapidly disappearing yellow pine.

In making repairs at a homestead in Dixfield, Me., the owner found in two rooms beneath 10 layers of wallpaper, frescoed walls with artistic designs of a century ago. Newspapers dated 1837-38 were found beneath some of the wallpaper.

Queen Helena of Italy is one of the most accomplished women of European royalty. She is a clever linguist, and a poet whose verses have been published in French and Italian, Russian and Serbian. She paints and sings with almost professional skill, and excels in many outdoor sports.

The entomology department of the University of Chicago discovered 43 distinct flavors of honey within the state. A few hives produced a honey of an onion flavor, which the bees had obtained from the blossoms of a large patch of perennial onions. The honey was white like clover honey.

HOUSEHOLD and CHILDREN

OLD LETTERS

BY MARTHA HOLDEN.

Pauline sat on the floor of the attic. The old trunk was open and its contents overflowed on the floor. Among them was a package of letters—letters written six years ago by one who was over there where shot and shell were flying and death and destruction were taking their toll of human life. The rubber band around the letters, rotted with age, broke and Pauline was reading them.

She had forgotten what she had come to the attic to search for as memories of those days of old, those days of trouble came back to her. The patter of raindrops kept up an incessant barrage on the roof. She loved to hear the rain on the roof. It soothed her and she lost track of time as she sat there under the leaky, cluttered roof and read the closely written long ago.

The yellowed, soiled letters with envelopes censored by this censor and that, told of their journey from the battlefields in France back to the home country and across the ocean to another country where anxiously awaited news of them.

Pauline had been worried lately, and had forgot all worry while she read the old letters. Pauline was a member of several clubs and was kept in touch with things by magazines and papers. Recently she had done considerable reading of pamphlets on pacifism and had heard several lectures about the futility of war. Once she had thought of taking the pledge never to in any way to carry on war, whether her country was on the defensive or the offensive.

But the doctrine of pacifism is now being preached all over the country, even in the universities and colleges. The pacifists do not believe in war of any kind and are opposed by any means to prevent it. Their favorite weapon is to persuade as many persons as possible to sign the pledge not to fight for their country under any circumstances. These poor deluded minds figure that with a large number of these pledges they can defy any and all nations to plunge the nation into war at some future time. They thought their country would fight their country and people would refuse to bear arms or help in carrying on a war of any kind.

Pauline's mind had become filled with these arguments. She had not signed a pledge yet but there was a blank form in her pocketbook ready to sign. When she had mentioned that she was willing to become a conscientious objector husband, Jimmy, had become very angry. He raved loudly and long. A quarrel had resulted. Jimmy, being a World war veteran, had served his country in time of need and knew what patriotism was. He also knew what war was and knew that at times it could not be avoided. He would not listen to the arguments of the pacifists.

The afternoon waned and Pauline still read the old letters from her husband Jimmy when he was a soldier over there. As she read she forgot his harsh words of the morning brought about because she wanted to sign an anti-war pledge. At the time she told Jimmy she would think for herself and that she didn't marry a man to think for her. She intended signing the pledge and putting it in the mail that afternoon whether Jimmy cared or not but the trip to the attic had delayed matters.

Tears came to her eyes as she read the letters. There was one from the hospital where her sweetheart lay after the St. Mihiel drive. Severely wounded, he was cheerful in that letter.

"Of course I would like to be home now but my place is over here. My country needs me and I am willing to stay until it doesn't need me any more. The doctor says I will recover and I am wishing for the day to come when I can leave this hospital and get back with my outfit. It's a hard life with nothing to eat at times and much danger but there is work for us to do and the sooner we get the job done the sooner we can all go home."

There were other passages that recalled the days of war, horrible days. There was the letter from Jimmy after he had recovered from an attack of the dreaded flu. There was the letter he wrote after landing in France, the one before he went to the front lines, one on the day the armistice was signed and so on through the long weeks and months until the last one which told that he was coming home to her.

In none of the letters which told of horrors and pleasures alike was there a word that showed that Jimmy believed this war was wrong. He did not like war, army life or army food. He fretted about discipline and he complained about officers but not one word did he write criticizing his country for entering the war. He believed it a just war for a just cause.

And when he came home safe and sound at last he uttered no word of regret because he had to give up a good job and go far away across waters to bear arms for his country, to undergo the hardships of a soldier's life for many months in order that the world would not be ruined by a military power.

Wiping the tears from her face, Pauline finally tied the letters together again, kissed them fervently and placed them gently back into the trunk. A cry came from the floor below and she rushed down the stairs. Little Jimmy was awake and wanted her. Little Jimmy was two years old and a living picture of Big Jimmy.

It was Little Jimmy that made her listen to the words of the pacifist lecturers and read their articles in the pamphlets she possessed. She could not stand it to think that maybe some day Little Jimmy would be torn from her arms by the nation that needed his services and sent far away to fight and probably meet his death on the battlefield in the uniform of his country and under the flag of his country. She couldn't bear to think of Little Jimmy far away from home, wounded or sick, among strangers and without a mother's care to keep him from harm.

But now she ran down to Little Jimmy with new feelings and a new understanding. She realized as she clasped him in her arms that he was hers but above all he belonged to his country if in time of need his country wanted him. She understood that if it wasn't for the protecting hand of the country that there would be no existence for Little Jimmy. He might be called to fight for his country but it is necessary for there would be no country to protect Little Jimmy if there were no Little Jimmy's to support and fight for their country.

When Big Jimmy came home that night Pauline met him at the door. One hand was holding the little dimpled hand of Little Jimmy and the other seized Big Jimmy around the neck. Forgotten were the harsh words of the morning as the new Pauline turned her face toward her husband's and said: "Jimmy, dear, forgive me for I did not know what I was saying this morning. Other mothers have given their sons to their country and I guess I can be as brave as they if the occasion demands it. I let you go away to fight once and am glad of it. You see I was reading some of your old letters up in the attic this afternoon and they changed me from a pacifist to a patriot."

Two pairs of arms engaged in a long embrace and little bits of paper torn by a pair of hands fluttered one by one to the floor where Little Jimmy picked them up wondering, why his mother would do that when she had so often scolded him for littering up the carpet by tearing paper.

The little bits of paper were all that was left of the pledge signed with Pauline's name and ready for the mail.

Mixing With Martha

Rhubarb Sauce.

Wash, peel and cut rhubarb in one-inch pieces. Put in a saucepan with boiling water to cover, let stand five minutes, then drain and add enough water to prevent burning. Turn into a baking dish, sprinkle with sugar and bake very slowly until rhubarb is tender and deep pink color.

Pineapple Charlotte.

To two teaspoons plain gelatine add one-half cup cold water and let soak 10 minutes; then add one-third cup boiling water, stir in one cup of sugar, juice of one lemon; add to the gelatine and be sure and stir it until all dissolved; then add one cup of grated pineapple, then one-third pint of heavy cream; beat it, mix all together and let cool.

Sweet Bread Salad.

Blanch the sweet breads by boiling 15 minutes in salted water, take off all membrane and bloody parts, drop into ice water for 10 minutes, then use a cream dressing to cover sweet breads. Place a hollow mold of nicely buttered cold spinach on a chop late; put sweet breads in the center. Serve cold with sliced hard-boiled eggs as a garnish.

Pineapple Sherbet.

One quart milk, juice of 4 lemons, 2 cups sugar, 2 cups shredded pineapple, 1 pint cream, a pinch of salt. Mix sugar and lemon juice, then pineapple, cream, milk and salt. Freeze as ice cream.

Jimmy's Letters

Dear Cousins:

Our new house is done according to the contractor and we are going to move into it though Papa says it isn't done yet and the contractor will find it out when Papa sees him and tells him what isn't done. Mamma said Papa acted as if he knew it all but when she looked at the house last night she said to him she guessed he did know something after all cause the house wasn't done.

It might be done but it hasn't been painted, all but one door sticks and it takes a giant to open them, the windows are dirty, the gas hasn't been connected up, there is electric lights but no electricity and the water hasn't been turned on. Papa went on a rampage and bawled out all the people which has charge of these things and then bawled out the contractor and felt better. He told Mamma to go ahead with her plans to move cause everything would be ready in time and Mamma says yes she supposed it was up to her to do all the dirty work.

Papa said it was and so she called up the moving man and asked him how much it would cost to move and he told her and she nearly fainted. I heard her ask him if he wasn't afraid she would decide not to move and instead buy all new furniture cause buying new would be cheaper than moving the old and besides in that way she would get something new which she had been fighting for but Papa wouldn't never let her have no money.

The moving man rang off and she called up another and he must have told her the same but she didn't faint, being used to it. Papa came in then and told her to go ahead and hire the man cause we had to move no matter what it cost and Mamma told the moving man to come and then told Papa he was a spendthrift. Papa said he couldn't be one cause he never got a chance to spend any money after he had gave it all to her cause there wasn't none left to spend.

I almost forgot to tell that Aunt Dora sent a card and asked if we was moved and Papa saw it and wrote her a card without Mamma knowing it telling Aunt Dora we was moved. He said to me she might come back from her honeymoon thinking all the work was done and get fooled when she got here and found out it was only beginning.—Jimmy.

Snatches From W. B.

I live in the country and like it much better than city life. I will come again and tell you more.—Edna S. of W. Va.

On the 75-acre farm where I live there is much to do for a 12-year-old like me. My hobbies are riding horses, washing dishes and feeding chickens. I ride a little bay horse named Peggy—Brown-eyed Billy of Pa.

I don't think it is right for girls to smoke, but I have no objections to them using paint and powder. Let us stop discussing the flapper and begin on the boys, as they are as bad as the girls. They use paint and powder and wear sideburns.—Lonesome Baby of W. Va.

My hobbies are riding horses, reading, and bathing in the creek. I also like to read novels. I think St. Joe Sister wrote a good letter. Come again, Maud of W. Va. One of my favorite Bible verses is "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."—Just a Farmer Girl.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

A TARANTULA

Please find a place where I can set down these boxes of stones. Thum! Whew! The relief is painful. Hope they aren't in your way there for I want to leave them a few days. Yes, I'll explain my business, but first I want to tell how I happened to have these stones.

Jay loves to collect odd stones and unusual things and he discovered our friend, Mr. B, who made that his hobby. In this case the tarantula spider was the attraction. Ever see one? They live in banana land, feeding on an insect which in turn feeds on the bananas. The body of the spider is a bit over one and one-half inches in length and three-fourths of an inch in width. The legs are two inches long, as large around as a slate pencil and thickly covered with brown hair, one-eight of an inch long.

Brown is the main color of Mr. Tarantula, shading from very light to a very dark velvety brown. These animals are very poisonous and have great jumping powers, sometimes leaping as far as three or four feet at a time. They do not spin a web but burrow in the ground, only coming out at night to feed. Sometimes they go to sleep in a bunch of bananas and are shipped north with the fruit. There is some excitement in a grocery store when one is discovered. There was in the case of this fellow.

It is plain to understand why it is dangerous to gnaw a banana skin if one of these chaps has been entertaining there. Well, he was captured and placed on exhibition in the window of Mr. B's upholstering shop. But Mr. Tarantula got the sulks and wouldn't eat, only sitting huddled in his cage. One day he tried to escape while having his cage cleaned. He would have succeeded had not our cold climate made his legs too stiff. As it was, he started for the highest spot in sight.

After a month or more he died of homesickness, disappointment or starvation, according to your point of view, was made to look as natural as possible and became a mummy.

Now a word about Mr. B. He is a tall man with keen blue eyes having an expression which seems to look beyond the humdrum affairs of everyday life. He had traveled quite a bit in our land and between what he collected and what was given to him he had a large number of curios and a fund of knowledge about geology and natural history. Jay and I planned to spend a few hours at his shop to listen to his stories but he died before we took the time.

What an education a day with him would have been! Why do we let little things come between us and the worthwhile things? When his estate was settled Jay purchased Mr. Tarantula and these boxes of stones. I will look over the stones with you some day soon.—Louise.

To Be Continued.

DON'T TALK EVIL

I don't agree with the writer who criticized Jimmy's letters. I enjoy them very much, as they seem homelike. I live near some people who do nothing but find fault with children and the way they play their games.

I believe in sending children to school. There is nothing I enjoy better than to help mine get ready in the morning. When children are attending school parents should not require them to do much work at home. If made to work hard in the morning and evening they can't do their duty in school.

Too many neglect Sunday school. When my children were smaller it was as natural for them to go to Sunday school as to day school. When the oldest one grew older he wouldn't go because his boy friend wasn't there and it was so crowded in the buggy.

Let those who have the habit of saying evil things about persons they dislike try to break it. I knew a woman who was angry at her neighbor and said untrue things about her. Then, when she went to church she would cry and pray; her health became ruined and now she is a very unhappy widow. The woman she told falsehoods about is still a believer of true Christianity, but almost became an unbeliever at one time and nearly gave up all life except the pleasure she got in her own home. Her religious training and the good home in which she was raised caused her to look on the brighter side of life.

There is both good and bad in all churches, but it is in church that we meet the upright and the good people of our town and community. If we cannot say anything good about a person let us keep silent, for God can punish without our help.—Well Wisher of Ohio.

POWDER NOT POISONOUS

From time to time I have studied the discussion of various questions on this page and would say that it doesn't make much difference what the other fellow wears, has or does. I am nearing 30 years and have four children. I wear bobbed hair and curl it, too. I like reading interesting books. It's the fad to stay young. Can you teen's blame us 30's and 40's if we take the same privilege as you? A little powder never killed anyone.

I think parents should encourage their children to stay in school, for with an education they can take care of themselves so much easier. As for dress, the plain simple one-piece dresses are as becoming and comfortable as the hoop skirts and trains or ruffles. A low rubber-heeled shoe is no disgrace. But wear what you like and let the other fellow do the same.

The country here is hilly with dirt roads and there are some poor farms. There isn't much show given to the tenant or day laborer. Rent is too high. Taxes are sky-high and going higher.

Who calls Jimmy's letters trash? If you don't like them don't read them. They cause a laugh, and what is more healthful than a good hearty laugh? Laugh if it kills you.

What if we should all ascend back to the monkey? Why should we worry about our ancestors? We can't change them. Let's try to be contented. Maybe I'll call again some day and maybe not.—Maybee of Pa.

Hawaiian Eagle Scout

—Copyright, P. & A. Photos.

THIS is Thomas Frazier, eagle scout of Honolulu, who will represent Hawaii at the international "jamboree" of the Boy Scouts in Copenhagen, Denmark, next August. He is 15 years old and is the son of Charles R. Frazier of Honolulu.

BOYS AND GIRLS

CAVE OF BATS.

I want to tell you about the woods near my home in which the scenery is very beautiful. There are five or six large caves not far from here, including one I visit frequently, although I have never gone very far inside. Some peculiar bats live in this cave. They are larger than the average bat with ears one and one-half inches long which makes them look different from the ones found in other places.

This cave has a large mouth that opens at the bottom of the mountain, near which a small stream flows. The cave descends into the ground quite a distance and then is level for a distance. Here rocks can be found nearly 12 feet square. Trees overhang the cave, making it appear as if nature had done her best to make it look beautiful.

After penetrating the cave for some distance one finds a large stream which seems to flow on through the mountain. There are other large openings in the ground, a stream flowing into one. This stream furnishes water for families a mile from there.—Ethel H. of W. Va.

REST FOR FLAPPERS.

How many of you cousins believe in owning pets? I have a pair of bantams, a lamb and three canary birds and like them all. I agree with those who want something new discussed on this page. The poor flappers deserve to have a long rest. No, maybe they don't deserve it, but they can have it for all I care.

I have been reading this paper for a good many years and in some ways I think our page is improving. The letters and Aunt Martha's stories are interesting.

I wonder whether you cousins would rather live in the city or the country. I prefer the free, open country. That's where I live now. Our farm is small and our only stock consists of four calves, five cows and two horses.—Farmer Girl, N. Y.

JIMMY HAS FUN.

I find the paper more interesting each week, especially Aunt Martha's articles. Everything she writes about is so true besides being interesting. I also find many of the letters from the cousins very interesting. Jimmy's letters are interesting to read to the little ones for we believe he writes his letters more for amusement than anything else. If his parents really got along as badly as he writes they would try to keep it a secret. Anyone with common sense would know that the way he writes his letters shows it is all "in fun. Come along with your letters, Jimmy, for we think they are good.

I enjoy reading letters such as those written by Uncle Jeff who tells how people did in the olden times, Father says every word is true, for he had experienced the same things.

Autumn is my favorite season. Although spring is beautiful and everything seems cheerful, I could always get more pleasure out of autumn. I live on a farm seven miles from town, but we have good roads and it is convenient to go anywhere.—Kentucky Girl.

BOOSTS FARMING.

Don't think I am too serious for I like a good time, but it seems to me that too many young people think only of the present and forget the future. If we do not have a purpose in life and instead allow personal gratification and pleasure to draw us from our course, we cannot expect anything but a rough sea and possibly shipwreck.

Sometimes there is a great struggle and self denial confronting us in choosing and pursuing a purpose. These make us stronger and more determined in the fight. Some of the older folks think an education is not needed in farming. Agriculture has become more complex. We have entered into a new era in agricultural activities and the ignorant will be forced into the background.

I think farming will be my future occupation. Some may sneer at my choice, but it is one of the greatest and most promising occupations of today.—Tarheel Youth.

W. VA. ACHIEVEMENTS

Fred Sleath, come and help me boost West Virginia. I think it is one of the best states in the union. It has the largest clothespin factory as well as the largest factories making stogies, shovels, sheet glass, bottles and axes. The largest proprietary medicine company in the world is located in this state.

There are 27,363 oil and gas wells in this state. Preparations are now being made to drill the deepest oil well in the world near Terra Alta. It is expected to go down 10,000 feet. The Lake well near Fairmont is 7,597 feet deep. The rig for the Terra Alta well will be the largest ever built. It is to be of wood 24 feet square and 94 feet high.

West Virginia produces enough gas to supply six adjoining states and there is some left for this state. In 1922 we manufactured products which sold for $471,000,000. We produce 17 per cent of all the coal mined in the United States. We have more unmined coal than any state in the union.

About two-fifths of all the glass manufactured in the country is made in West Virginia. We produce more than any other one state. West Virginia ranks first in gas, cherry and chestnut lumber and furnishes more letters for the Household page than any state in the union.—Just Me from W. Va.

Helpful Hints for Hustling Housewives

If you keep your flat silver in flannel rolls, fasten to each roll a bit of adhesive tape on which is listed the pieces contained.

A handful of scrap zinc thrown on the furnace fire is a splendid flue cleanser.

A teaspoon of vinegar in the last rinse water will prevent black stockings from losing their color.

A pair of candlesticks and a bowl of either flowers or fruit adorn the top of one very attractive buffet.

Should the inside of the silver-plated lid of the mustard pot or horseradish jar turn green, coat it with a thin layer of paraffin.

If the inside of the screens are painted with a thin white paint, the persons in the house can see out, but passersby cannot see in.

A half-pint size vacuum bottle is excellent for a child's lunch basket. It can be used for hot chocolate, cream soup or broth.

Beeswax polish is splendid for linoleum. Scrape two ounces of beeswax and one ounce of yellow soap into a porcelain-lined kettle and cover with turpentine. Place the kettle at the side of the fire Stir with a stick.

It is only fair to the storekeeper with whom you deal to return any cans of vegetables, soups, etc., whose contents are spoiled. It not only saves pennies for the housewife, but shows the storekeeper what brands and makes of foods to rely on.

REDECORATING YOUR HOME

There isn't a housewife of us who isn't constantly making mistakes in choosing the decorations for her home and the adornment of her person. How many times we buy a new frock or coat or hat, and then when we get it home find we detest it. We cannot wear the gray hat with the golden brown silk dress; the orange scarf makes the suit look faded, and why, oh, why, did we ever pick out that particular shade of blue? It looked so different in the shop.

The same thing happens with hangings, furniture coverings, cushions and the furniture we ourselves painted with so much effort. The chintz we have selected doesn't, after all, look as we thought it would on the porch chairs and swing. That plant is lovely in the sunlight, but gloomy in the shadow, and, anyway, the summer sunlight is so different in color from the pale winter sunshine, that it makes all our fabrics change their effect, and we choose these materials in the very early spring. Now, next year—

Why not plan now for next year? Let's sit down, pencil and paper in hard, and decide what we wish we had done this season. This chintz will fade, and next year we can do the summer coverings over nearer our hearts desire. If we try to remember then what it looks like now, and what we wish it looked like, we certainly shall fail. But if we write it all down, with suggestions of the colors and combinations we wish we had chosen, we shall be able to early next spring to get exactly what we want.

Make a mental picture of your sunroom, verandas, sleeping porch, bedrooms and living room—just the way you wish they looked. Try out samples of different colors and expose them to the brilliant light of a summer day. Get a half yard each of various colors and materials and study the thing out. We garden women have to make our gardens that way, why not the gardens of our rooms. In the garden we can tell what flowers we want to grow near each other only by making notes during the season in which those flowers bloom. If we haven't the right combination this year we can be sure of getting it next year by writing down now and ordering it in advance of the next season.

Chat With Cousins

IT IS interesting at times to look back over the years and compare the old with the new. You don't have to look back very far either to find examples that show great contrasts. It was not so many years ago when a ten-mile drive to a town and return was an event that had to be planned in advance. It took time to drive the horse or team that far and it was quite a journey. Nowadays one gets a sudden motion some Sunday afternoon to drive to a place 60 miles away. The start is made at 3 o'clock in the old flivver and by 8 or 9 o'clock the family is back home again after traveling 120 miles. Nothing is thought of the trip. It's just a little jaunt.

When a train tore across the country at 60 miles an hour it was considered a feat in the years gone by. Now we read about airplanes rushing through the upper atmosphere at 150 miles an hour and think nothing of it because that isn't the greatest speed that has been attained in the air. We live in a world of speed nowadays and even the trolley car is being regarded as antique by many. There was a time when railroad men were forbidden to ride on electric street cars for fear it would ruin their watches. Now no one wants to ride on them.

Speed has done one good thing in the cities. It has caused the inhabitants of larger cities to move out on the edges or to live in small towns nearby and do their work in the cities. Instead of piling up in crowded quarters within walking distance of the business district speed enables them to go out where the air is fresh and still be able to go to and from work without any delay. Of course there are some who look with horror upon living away from the center of town but they are living in the past.

It is interesting to look back a few years and see the changes that time has wrought. There have been many in recent years, more than during any other period of similar length. We fly in the air and we listen by radio to the conversation of people in places hundreds of miles away. Many of us take this as matter of course. It seems that nothing can thrill us any more and to some it may appear that there will be nothing new that can possibly astonish us in the future. But there will be. We wonder what it is.

Sometimes when Aunt Martha gets to talking confidentially in these chats she forgets to ring off and the result is very little space for the rest of the crowd to spiel their spiel. We hope all the cousins will forgive us for you probably all realize that it's hard to give up the floor when you have it and can talk on and on. We would like to hear more from you readers and hope you use this column as often as you can.

Here is a problem that might be answered by a person who is familiar with the care of pigs. H. T. F. of W. Va. has three pigs six months old which are not good. The largest one does not weigh over 40 pounds and the smallest is 25 or 30 pounds. He feeds them middlings, corn and stock powder but it doesn't seem to increase their weight. They have been on grass about two months. He says he has had good luck with hogs for years but doesn't know what to do in this case as it is a new one on him. Come on now, and help him out.

A call from the old writers is issued by Bobby, and Aunt Martha seconds the motion. Let the oldtimers come forth and reveal themselves again. These are the ones Bobby would like to have write for the page: Just Another and Dixie Queen.

Jimmy wants to thank Bonny Belle for her kind words. Bonny says Jimmy's letters are not foolish. Bonny agrees with Postage Stamp about girls going with boys at the age of 15. She thinks parents are wrong in not wanting their girls to go with the boys unless the boy is the choice of the parents. What do the rest of you think about this? Express your opinions. No one else will do it for you.

W. C. S. of W. Va., your question about paying the subscription for a paper you do not want has been answered many times. Unless you subscribe for a paper publishing companies cannot make you pay for it. At times they will try to convince you they can but pay no attention to it. However if you do not want a paper do not accept it from the postmaster. That will settle all disputes.

Disinfect the Mouthpiece

We are all so particular about using individual water glasses, yet the mouthpiece on the telephone is often forgotten. Wipe it once a week with a weak solution of carbolic acid, thereby preventing the spreading of grippe, colds and other diseases.

Rub soiled places on the rugs with ammonia. If the color fades apply chloroform.

POETS' CORNER

Elder Lamb's Donation

Good old Elder Lamb had labored for
a thousand nights and days,
And had preached the blessed Bible
in a multitude of ways,
Had received a message daily, over
Faith's celestial wire,
And had kept his little chapel full of
flames of heavenly fire.
He had raised a numerous family
straight and sturdy as he
could,
And his boys were all considered as
unnaturally good;
And his slender salary kept him till
went forth the proclamation,
"We will pay him up this season
with a generous, 'large donation."

So they brought him hay and barley
and some corn upon the ear—
Straw enough to bed his pony for
forever and a year;
And they strewed him potatoes of in-
consequential size
And some onions whose completeness
drew the moisture from his
eyes,
And some cider more like water in
an inventory strict,
And some apples, pears and peaches
that the summer gales had
picked,
And some strings of dried-up apples,
memories of the fruit creation,
Came to swell the doleful census of
Elder Lamb's donation.

Also radishes and turnips pressed the
pumpkin's cheerful cheek,
Likewise beans enough to furnish
half of Boston for a week;
And some butter that was worthy to
have Samson for a foe,
And some eggs whose inner nature
had the legend, "Long ago."
And some stovewood, green and
crooked, on his flower beds
was laid,
Fit to furnish fire department with
the most substantial aid.
All things unappreciated found this
night their true vocation
In the museum of relics known as
Elder Lamb's donation.

There were biscuits whose material
were their own secure defense;
There were sauces whose acuteness
bore the sad pluperfect tense,
There were jellies undirected, there
were mystery-laden pies;
There was bread that long had
waited the signal to arise,
There were cookies tasting clearly of
the dear and musty past,
There were doughnuts that in justice
'mongst the metals might be
classed;
There were chickens, geese and
turkeys that had long been on
probation
Now received in full connection at
old Elder Lamb's donation.

Then they gave his wife a wrapper
made for someone not so tall,
And they gave him twenty slippers,
every pair of which was small;
And they covered him with sack-
cloth, as it was, in various
bits,
And they clothed his helpless chil-
dren in a wardrobe of misfits,
And they trimmed his house with
"welcome" and such bric-brac
trash;
And one absent-minded brother
brought five dollars all in
cash
Which the good old pastor handled
with a thrill of exultation,
Wishing that in filthy lucre might
have come his whole donation.

Morning came at last in splendor and
the Elder wrapped in gloom,
Knelt amid decaying produce and the
ruins of his home;
And his piety had never till that
morning been so bright,
For he prayed for those who brought
him to that unexpected plight.
But some unworldly thoughts in-
truded, for he wondered o'er
and o'er,
If they'd buy that day at auction
what they gave the night be-
fore,
And his fervent prayer concluded
with the natural exclamation,
"Take me, to Thyself in mercy, Lord,
before my next donation."

The Old Rugged Cross

On a hill far away, stood an old
rugged cross,
The emblem of suffering and shame;
But I love that old cross where the
dearest and best
For a world of lost sinners was slain.

CHORUS.

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
Till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross,
And exchange it some day for a
crown.

Oh that old rugged cross so despised
by the world,
Has a wondrous attraction for me.
For the dear Lamb of God left His
glory above
To bear it to dark Calvary.

In the old rugged cross stained with
blood so divine
A wondrous beauty I see,
For 'twas on that old cross Jesus
suffered and died
To pardon and sanctify me.

In the old rugged cross I will ever
be true,
The shame and reproach gladly bear.
Then He'll call me some day to my
home far away,
Then His glory forever I'll share.

Jesus Lover of My Soul

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past.
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is staid,
All my help from Thee I bring.
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find.
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am;
Thou are full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make me, keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.
—Written by the Rev. Charles Wesley in 1740.

What Others Say

To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive.—Stevenson.

Probably the most of the difficulties in trying to live the Christian life arise from attempting to half live it.—Drummond.

Every duty that is bidden to wait comes back with seven fresh duties at its back.—Kingsley.

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.—Abraham Lincoln.

Be a lamp in the chamber if you cannot be a star in the sky—George Elliot.

First the man takes a drink,
Then the drink takes a drink,
Then the drink takes the man!—
Japanese Proverb.

The Orphan Girl

No home, no home, pleaded a little
girl,
At the door of a rich man's hall;
As she trembling stood on the parlor
steps
And leaned on the marble wall.

Her clothes were thin and her feet
were bare,
And the snow had covered her
head,
"Oh give me a home," she feebly
said,
"A home and a crust of bread."

The night was cold and the snow fell
fast,
But the rich man closed his door,
And his proud lip curled as he scorn-
fully said,
"No home, no bread for the poor."

"My father, alas! I never knew,"
And the tears filled her eyes so
bright,
"And my mother sleeps in her new-
made grave,
'Tis an orphan pleads tonight."

"I'll freeze," she said as she sank on
the step,
And strove to rub her feet
With her tattered dress all covered
with snow,
Yes, covered with snow and sleet.

The rich man lay on his velvet
couch,
And dreamed of his silver and
gold;
While the orphan girl in her bed of
snow,
Still murmured, "So cold! So cold!"

The hours passed by and the mid-
night chime,
Rang out like a funeral knell;
But the earth was wrapped in its
winding sheet,
And the drifting snow still fell.

The morning dawned and the little
girl,
Still lay at the rich man's door;
But her soul had fled to a world
above,
Where there's a home and bread
for the poor.

Nobody's Child

Alone, in the dreary, pitiless street,
With my torn old dress and bare,
cold feet,
All day I've wandered to and fro,
Hungry and shivering, and no-
where to go.

The night's coming on in darkness
and dread
And the chill sleet's beating upon
my bare head;
Oh! why does the wind blow upon
me so wild?
Is it because I'm nobody's child?

Just over the way there's a flood of
light
And warmth and beauty and all
things bright;
Beautiful children, in robes so fair,
Are caroling songs in rapture
there.

I wonder if they, in their blissful
glee,
Would pity a poor little beggar
like me,
Wandering alone in the merciless
street,
Naked and shivering and nothing
to eat?

Oh, what shall I do when the night
comes down
In its terrible blackness all over
the town?
Shall I lay me down 'neath the angry
sky
On the cold hard pavement alone
to die?

When the beautiful children their
prayers have said,
And mammas have tucked them
snug in their bed,
No dear mother e'er on me smiled—
Why is it, I wonder, that I'm
nobody's child?

No father, no mother, no sister, not
one
In all the world loves me, e'en the
little dogs run
When I wander too near them; 'tis
wondrous to see
How everything turns from a beg-
gar like me!

Perhaps 'tis a dream; but sometimes
when I lie
Gazing far up in the dark blue
sky,
Watching for hours some large
bright star
I fancy the beautiful gates ajar.

And a host of white-robed nameless
things
Come fluttering o'er me in gilded
wings,
A hand that is strangely soft and
fair
Caresses gently my tangled hair,
And a voice like the carol of some
wild bird—
The sweetest voice that ever was
heard—
Calls me many a dear pet name,
Till my heart and spirits are all
aflame;

And tells me such unbounded love,
And bids me come up to their home
above
And then, with such pitiful, sad sur-
prise
They look at me with their sweet
blue eyes,
And it seems to me out of the dreary
night
I'm going up to the world of light
And away from the hunger and
storms so wild,
I am sure I shall then be some-
body's child.

An Aid When Nervous

Keep a card near the telephone on which is written the number of your doctor, the nearest police station and fire department. Then, if you are nervous in an emergency, time will not be wasted hunting frantically for these numbers.

MRS. BUSH TELLS OTHER WOMEN

How Pains in Side and Dragging Down Feelings Were Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Massena, New York.—"I had terrible pains in both my sides and a dragging-down feeling that affected me so that I could hardly walk, and I got run-down. A friend who had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advised me to try it and I have taken it with the best results. I do my housework and also some outdoor work on the farm. The Vegetable Compound has given me back my health and I cannot praise it enough. I am perfectly willing that you should use these facts if my letter will help other women who still suffer."—Mrs. DELBERT BUSH, R. F. D. 1, Massena, N. Y.

The spirit of helpfulness shown in the letters we are constantly publishing is worthy of notice.

These women know by experience what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will do. Your troubles are the same as theirs.

If you have pains and a dragging-down feeling and are nervous and irritable, profit by Mrs. Bush's experience and give the Compound a trial.

THE GIRL A HORSE AND A DOG

By FRANCIS LYNDE
(Copyright, 1924, Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Continued From Last Week:

"Sully. No got loom."

"Money," I retorted, showing him a handful of gold which I had taken the precaution to buy before leaving Denver.

That got him. The commercially minded Chinaman will take on an untamed Bengal tiger if you can show him a probable or possible profit; at least, that is the impression I had gathered on a former winter tour in California.

"Mebbe so can find loom," said Wing Poo, and he took my grips. This removed one obstacle in the way of flight, but as I was turning to leave the restaurant-tavern another loomed up in the shape of the heavy - shouldered, desperadoish-looking person whom I had seen at the station talking with the train conductor. He blocked the exit for me, twitching the lapel of his coat aside to show me a silver star the size of a small saucer.

"I am onto you with both feet," he remarked, boring me with an eye that I could easily fancy might strike terror into the heart of the most reckless criminal. "I'm givin' you warnin' right now that no funny business don't go in this man's town; see?"

"Guess again," I suggested. "I'm not a theatrical company."

"Huh!" he grunted. "What bughouse did you break loose from, anyhow?"

I laughed.

"I'm quite harmless," I assured him. "The train conductor ought to have added that to his report. Give me a little information, and I'll forthwith remove myself from the confines of your charming city. How far is it by wagon-road to Placerville-Atropia, and how can I get there?"

"My gosh!" he said gloomily; "two of you in the same dog-goned week!"

"Even so. When did the other one arrive?"

"Day before yistidday. He didn't look so much bughouse as you do, but I reckon he must 'a' been off his ka-woop, too, 'r he wouldn't 'a' gone to 'Tropia."

"Let him rest in peace. Do I get my information?"

"Shore; we speeds the partin' guest. You've come apast your place. Twenty-one mile back; and the way-freight 'll git you there to-morruh mornin'."

"How about this afternoon, and a horse?"

"There ain't no road."

"What's the matter with following the railroad track?"

"I reckon you mought; and then ag'in, you moughtn't. Have to head some o' the draws, and they run back into the hills in a heap o' places."

"Couldn't make it in a motor car?"

His smile was the kind you give your small son when he remarks that he is going to build him an aeroplane.

"There ain't but three cars in this whole b'jinged town, and I reckon you ain't goin' to git to borra one of 'em."

"All right; just the same, I'm going to Atropia—this afternoon," I bragged.

He let me pass, and I tramped up the street until I found the one livery stable. Here, again, my fool reputation had quite evidently outrun me. The man had idle horses, plenty of them, as I couldn't help seeing, but I couldn't hire one for love or money. When it came right down to the pinch, he wouldn't even sell me one.

"Naw," he growled. "They'll be along yere after ye by ter-morrer 'r nex' day, and I ain't a-goin' ter haf ter crope up an' say I he'ped ye make yer git-away."

It is curious how the thing you can't do grows in importance in direct proportion to the difficulties that develop. My getting to Atropia that afternoon was no such killing matter as I had allowed it to become. In any case, the owner of the piebald cow pony, man, boy or girl, would doubtless have ridden away long before I could reach the place; and a little inquiry the next day would easily enable me to identify the said owner, since calico horses are not so common as to go unremarked anywhere, and much less in such a graveyard of a town as Atropia had appeared to be.

By this time I was in a hot sweat of impatience to be on my way; to bridge that twenty-one miles before the elusive clue—if it were the clue—could once more dodge me and vanish into thin air. In that frame of mind I told the cautious liveryman, in gentle phrase, which I thought of him and his kind, and hurried down to the railroad, hoping to be able to catch an eastbound train of some kind, any kind, whose crew could be bribed or cajoled into carrying me to Atropia.

It was just as I was about to inquire of the telegraph operator what the chances were that the great temptation rose up and slapped me in the face. Up the grade from the westward a tiny, three-wheeled car, carrying two men, came spinning along. I recognized it at once as a track-inspection car, driven by a small gasoline engine; an evolution of the old velocipede car, foot and hand-driven and used by roadmasters and other railroad men for making quick trips over short distances.

In half a minute the little car rattled up to the station and made a quick stop, the two men setting the brakes and hopping off to dodge into the telegraph office. They left the little pop-popping engine running at idling speed, and in a flash I saw my chance. Of course, if I should steal the car, I'd be caught and arrested and hauled off somewhere to be tried and fined; but before any of these untoward things could happen, I should have settled that biting question of the ownership of the piebald pony and the harlequin-faced dog.

All right; no sooner thought than said, or said than done. Darting across the platform I gave the pop-popping go-cart the once over. Since I had driven pretty nearly everything on wheels from a motorcycle to a racing auto, I saw at once that the control mechanism of the car wouldn't bother me. So, with a quick glance over my shoulder to make sure that the coast was still clear, I slipped into the driving-seat, jerked the throttle open and released the clutch, praying fervently that the switches might be set right for me at the upper end of the Angels yard.

With a sputtering roar like that of a small rapid-fire gun, the little wagon got under way. Two, three, five rail-joints clicked under the wheels; then, as the machine began to gather speed, I looked back. What I saw was a-plenty. Three men, one of them, whom I took to be the telegraph operator, in his shirt-sleeves, came running up the station platform. The shirt-sleeved man was welling and waving something that glistened in the sunlight. Next I heard the distance-diminished crack of a pistol and a blunt-nosed bullet sang a whining little lullaby to me as it tore past.

I flung up an arm to show the pistol-firer that he had missed, and then the small car swung around the shoulder of the nearest hill and Angels became only a backward-flirting memory.

V

The Magic Triad

For the first few minutes the exhilarating experience of driving what was to me an entirely new kind of motor vehicle kept me from dwelling too pointedly upon the enormity of the offense I was committing. Sober second thought came in due time, however, and I began to plan a bit for the impending and rather ominous future.

Without doubt, news of the car theft had already gone clicking over the wires to Atropia; and while I was quite willing to be arrested and tried, sentenced and made to pay the penalty, I was stubbornly determined that that unusual and interesting experience should be postponed at least long enough to enable me to reap the benefit of the theft.

Hence, to be stopped before I could reach my goal was no part of my plan, so I opened things up and gave the little three-wheeled dinky all the gas it could use, keeping a sharp lookout ahead, and meaning to pull up a little way short of the graveyard city, abandoning the car and making the actual approach on foot.

That is, if I should live long enough to get that far—an accomplishment, let me say, which began to appear a trifle uncertain before I had measured the first mile of the flight. You see, I knew less than nothing of the train schedules on this out-of-the-world railroad, and for aught I knew to the contrary, I might very well be rushing headlong to a collision with something coming full tilt in the opposite direction. Now that I came to think of it, this catastrophe seemed more than likely. The two men of whom I had borrowed my wagon had gone to the telegraph office, perhaps, and very probably, for the express purpose of having the operator ascertain for them if there were any train running to oppose them.

This conclusion was a good bit less than comforting, as you might say, and it kept me keyed up to an anticipatory pitch that soon became positively thrilling. On the stretches of straight track it was not so bad; here I should have at least some little warning. But at the approach to each new curve I could feel a cold breeze chasing up the back of my neck; and the reaction, when I could see around the curve and get a glimpse of another reach of clear track ahead, left me sweating like a victim in a Turkish bath.

Fortunately, there were mile numbers strung along on the telegraph poles, so I could get a notion from time to time as to how much longer the agony was going to last. Judging from the way the scenery was racing backward, I estimated that the little car must be doing at least thirty miles to the hour; which meant forty minutes, or such a matter, to cover the twenty-one miles. If the opposing train or trains, whatever they might be, would only keep out of my way for those precious forty minutes. . . .

But there it is: if the dog hadn't stopped he might have caught the rabbit; which, being translated into terms human and made applicable to a runaway on a strange railroad—but I mustn't get ahead of my story. Some time after passing the thirteenth mile-post the straight-track stretches disappeared altogether and the road became a succession of curves winding among bare hills, with the mountains on the left backgrounding them at a short distance. Eyesight for the look ahead was no longer of any use to me, and as the small car went squealing and careening around the curves, I was straining my ears to make them ignore the rapid-fire exhausts of the motor and the clattering and shrilling of the wheels to concentrate upon those other expected and dreaded sounds; the ominous thunderings of a train which would be my only warning before the thing itself should leap at me from behind the screening of the hills.

The thing to do, of course, was to speed up and get out of this tangle of hill curves as quickly as possible, thus shortening the time of the extra hazards. So, regardless of the careening proclivities of the little boat which was now and then lifting its outrigger wheel clear of the rail in the darting rushes around the shorter curves, I pushed the small motor to its limit and was getting along beautifully until suddenly, on a grade that was a bit steeper than usual, the popping exhaust quit short off, the engine slowed down, and the car, squeaking and grinding, came to a stand on a low embankment between two of the hill cuttings.

My first impulse was to lift the car from the track, abandon it, and take shank's mare for the remainder of the trip. Then I remembered that the last mile-post I had noticed was the fourteenth out of Angels; which meant that I still had something like seven miles to go. It seemed foolish to plug seven miles afoot when a bit of tinkering might be all that was needed to turn the walk into a ride, so I piled off and began to investigate.

There wasn't anything very complicated about the little motor, and I soon discovered that a broken ignition wire was what had killed it. Happily, there was a small tool box under the seat, and in the kit there was a pair of pliers. But sometimes—and this was one of them—a bit of material is as important as the tools to work with. The broken wire was too short to couple up again, and there wasn't an inch of spare wire to be found in the kit.

They say that necessity is the mother of invention; but I'll defy anybody to invent a piece of wire in the middle of the Great Sahara Desert. I looked the car over, as you might say, with a magnifying-glass. Probably there were a dozen expedients that would have suggested themselves to a trained tinkerer, but unfortunately I wasn't a trained anything. The only other wires in the entire shooting-match were the battery couplings, and they were just barely long enough to reach from cell to cell.

All this searching and fussing around was done, as you'd imagine, in a feverish hurry. Every minute I was expecting to hear the rumble and roar of a train. But the silence of the everlasting solitudes was as yet unbroken, and I hated to tip the car off the track while there was any shadow of a chance of getting it to run again.

In this extremity it was a little desert zephyr that gave me the great idea. A gentle breeze came sighing up the draw from some overheated area out beyond, and finding no trees on the barren hills, it sang its little song in the thickly clustering telegraph wires on the poles. Why, sure; I said to myself; here was my wire—miles and miles of it. All I had to do was to climb up and get it.

Gentle reader, I wonder if you've ever tried to climb a telegraph pole without the contrivance that a lineman buckles upon his feet? If you haven't, the advice of this amateur is, Don't. Half a dozen times I shinnied up to perhaps the height of a man's head, only to come sliding down again on a run. Still, I wouldn't give up; and the more foolish it became the harder I tried. At last, by a series of inchings I contrived to get within arm's-reach of the lowest crosspiece. Pliers in hand, I strained for the nearest wire, gripped it, and began to twist it back and forth to break it.

To the end of my life I shall always have a profound respect for the tenacity of an ordinary telegraph wire. A thousand times, as it seemed to me, I bent that strand first one way and then the other, and still it held. My grip on the pole wasn't any too good, and I knew that when the wire should break, I'd go sliding to the ground like the freed hammer-weight of a pile-driver; but that was a small matter.

Not to let me miss any of the thrills, it was at the precise instant of the wire-breaking that my straining ears caught the sound they had been listening for; a far-away drumming rumble that seemed to come from nowhere in particular. Then, out of the same indefinite circumambience came a warning that was still more unmistakable—the long-drawn blast of a locomotive whistle.

I didn't climb down that pole—I came down just as I thought I should—like the time-ball on the flagstaff in Washington at high noon. Moreover, I struck the ground running, as one might say. All thoughts of tinkering that confounded motor had vanished and my one great object in life was to get the car off the track before a worse thing should happen.

Tippy as the little wagon had seemed on the curves, it proved to be no one-man job to get it off the rails and out of the way with anything like decent celerity. Nevertheless, I was doing fairly well with the lifting and tugging when the enemy hove in sight less than five hundred yards away. It was a freight train bound in the general direction of Angels, and the locomotive at the head of it looked as big as an office building as it come surging down upon me. And that wasn't all, either. At precisely the same instant, as if it had been timed by the same mechanism that had brought the freight train, here came a wild engine around the curve in the opposite direction, with its whistle valve open and making a racket to wake the dead. The bereft motor-car riders had found a locomotive somewhere and were chasing me.

Believe me, there was no time to stop and speculate as to whether or not there was going to be a collision between the oncoming freight and the wild engine. One mad heave at the stranded gasoline car, a mighty boost that got all but one wheel of it in the clear, and I was gone—streaking it like a jack-rabbit for the tall timber—only there wasn't a stick of timber nearer than the slopes of the backgrounding mountains.

One glance over my shoulder as I fled showed me what I was in for; that the story was to be immediately continued in our next. Both engineers tried to stop; did stop in time to avert the greater catastrophe. The wild engine was pulled up a hundred feet or so short of the half-derailed inspection car; but the freight engineer, with a heavy train to push him, was not so lucky. His driving-wheels were grinding fire from the rails and barely turning over when he came to the obstruction, but the gentle touch he gave it was enough to send the little car whirling down the embankment, where its gasoline tank burst open and promptly set itself afire. That was the signal for the footrace to begin; three or four men jumping from the freight and two from the wild engine to come tearing after me. I fancied I could give them their money's worth at that game—being in pretty fair training—so I picked out to try to turn the hypothetical theory into a condition.

It was a great race. My worst handicap, which caught me before I had covered the first hundred yards, was the fact that I was not yet acclimated to the high altitude, and the fast pace cut my wind so savagely that I thought I should fan out and drop before I could even get a safe lead on the field. Then the good old second wind came along, my lungs quit trying to explode like a leaky steam-boiler, and I was able to spurt a bit. Through one gap and into another we went, making figure eights around the hills and back again, dodging into new ravines and out of them into others, circling among great sandstone boulders that took all sorts of weird shapes in the passing glimpse. At the send-off my pursuers were yelling at me like a lot of Indians on the war-path, but I noticed that they soon stopped when they found they were going to have a more pressing use for their breath.

I don't know just how long the chase lasted, but it was long enough to give me a very considerable degree of respect for the nerve and persistence of those highly indignant railroad men. We must have been miles away from the scene of the disaster when I finally left them behind and lost them. When I looked back and found myself alone with the solitudes I sat down upon a flat rock to gasp and laugh. It had all been so supremely ridiculous, and so beautifully in keeping with the reputation I had left behind me at Angels, that I felt sure that now nothing less than a verdict of expert alienists would ever serve to convince these Red Desert folk that I was anything but an escaped lunatic.

After the breathing spell I began to look around and try to get my bearings. The sun had already gone behind the western mountains, though it was yet only a little past four o'clock. My breathing halt had been made in a narrow, canyon-like valley which seemed to extend in a general direction of southwest and northeast. Since it wouldn't have been exactly prudent, in the circumstances, to go back toward the railroad, which, I judged, would be somewhere over the hills to the southward, I kept on up the valley, heading away from the setting sun, and feeling certain that, sooner or later, I must come out somewhere in the neighborhood of Atropia.

That was a bad guess. Two hours later I was still wandering about among those barren hills, with all sense of direction lost, and with no change in the stage-setting perceptible save that the hills were growing bigger and the intervening valleys were shrinking more and more into precipitous ravines. In all the wanderings, which must have covered a number of miles, I had seen no trace of human beings; no trails, no cattle, nothing to indicate that I hadn't been dropped down hard in the middle of a blankly uninhabited willerness a thousand miles wide and long.

All these things taken into consideration, I was tremendously relieved when, at the last of the scramblings up the rocky slope in which the pocket ravine abruptly ended, I came into a sort of an excuse for a road. It was a mere notch cut in the steep mountainside, and it looked, as nearly as I could determine in the twilight which was now turning into night, as if it hadn't felt a wheel or a hoof for a month of Sundays. Yet and notwithstanding, it was a real wagon road, hewn out sometime or other by the hand of man. And being such, it must therefore lead me in due time to food, shelter and human companionship.

Being pretty well winded by the stiff climb out of the canyon ravine, I sat down at the roadside to rest a bit and to decide which way I should go, to the right or to the left. The choice, so far as I could see, lay only between going up-hill or down. The road had a slight grade, and the inference was that the down-hill pitch would come out, in the course of time, somewhere upon the desert level. Just as I was making up my mind that, in the darkness, a down-hill stumble would be preferable to the other kind, I heard a patter of feet and a dog barked.

A moment later I could see the beast, indistinctly. He had been coming up the road and had stopped at the sight—or scent—of me. Since a dog argued the proximity of a dog-owning human being, I called coaxingly: "Here, Towser—here—come on, old fellow—that's a boy!" and the curious thing about it is that he did it, running up a little way and stopping, and finally coming to squat before me and to lift a paw for me to shake.

I jollied him a bit and let him nose me to his heart's content. Then suddenly, as if he had discovered a long-lost master, he broke away and began to leap and dance around me, barking a furious and hilarious welcome. In the midst of this hubbub I heard hoofbeats and the squeaking of saddle leather, and the dog's owner rode up. At first, I thought the dimly outlined Stetson-hatted figure in the saddle was that of a boy. But it was a woman's voice, and a mighty pleasant one, that called to the dog: "Down, Barney, and behave yourself—what's the matter with you, sir!"

I stood up and pulled off my cap. "I'm chiefly the matter," I said. "Your dog seems to think he knows me, and I'm awfully sorry that his memory is so much better than mine."

You'd think — anybody would think—that a woman riding alone in the dark on a solitary mountain road would be handsomely startled, to say the least, at seeing a man rise up fairly under her horse's nose. I could prefigure Lisette in similar circumstances; hear her shriek as she flung her calm-and-collected mantle to the four winds and became just an every-day human woman, like the colonel's lady or Judy O'Grady. But if my little lady were scared, she certainly didn't parade her fright.

"Barley is such a foolish dog, sometimes," she said apologetically. "He has a double brain, you know; half of it is good-natured and silly, and the other half is—well, it——"

The dog had come around again wagging his tail and at that magic word "half" I stooped to let him stick his cold nose into my palm. The act brought me near enough to enable me to see him better, and I had to clap a hand over my mouth to keep from shouting out and scaring the entire combination into wild stampede. For, if you'll believe me, the dog was my dog. One-half of his face was white, and the other was so black that it merged and faded harmoniously into the night!

"I know," I said, straightening up again; "my brain acts that way, too, sometimes." Then: "Pardon me, but would you mind telling me the color of the horse you are riding?"

The young woman laughed, and her laugh was just as jolly and pleasant as her speaking voice.

"Can't you see for yourself?" she asked.

"No; I'm—er—rather color-blind, after dark."

"Winkie is what the cow-men call a 'pinto'—a calico horse," she answered promptly.

"Sure!" I bellowed, "I knew it!" and the horse shied, and the dog barked in sheer sympathy. Then I apologized. "Please forgive the explosion. As I said a minute ago, my brain sometimes acts like Barney's; half of it being good-natured and silly, and the other half—well, we'll omit the description of the other half for the present, if you'll permit me. There are other things much more important. For example: this mountain, now; if I could only know its approximate latitude and longitude I should lack only a degree or so of being entirely happy. In other words, may I—er—will you have the goodness to tell me where I am?"

"I—why—dear me! don't you know where you are?"

"Not any more than a harmless, necessary goat, I assure you."

"But you're not lost, are you? I don't understand——"

"Of course you don't," I broke in, laughing joyously. "But if you had been through what I have this afternoon . . . but we needn't go into that now. Some other time, perhaps, when you feel the need of a bit of relaxation, I'll write my adventures out for you in Greek hexameters."

I couldn't be certain, but I thought she took a little firmer hold upon her bridle rein at this.

"Did you—did you come from Angels?" she asked, in a sort of awed little voice.

"How did you guess it? I was, indeed—for a very short space of time this very day—a member of the Angelic band. And if you should ask me, I might say that I feel as though I had walked most of the way here from Angels. I—I—my car broke down, you know."

"Yes," she said; "I know"—just as if she did. Then: "I can at least tell you where you are. This is the southern slope of Cinnabar Mountain. This road leads on down to Atropia, about three miles below."

"Y-es; Atropia was the place I was trying to come at."

"So they——" she broke off short and tried again: "Yes, Atropia, of course. But you are not going there now, are you?"

"Well," said I, "I suppose it's Atropia or no supper; neither supper nor lodging."

She stopped and appeared to be thinking about something. Then she said:

"Really, I think you would better not go to Atropia. It's—well, it's quite a long walk."

"The walk don't specially appal me. I've done so much walking this afternoon that a few hundred miles, more or less, in addition wouldn't be worth mentioning. But for some other reasons——"

"Yes; for some other reasons," she said, repeating it right after me. Then: "I—we—Daddy and I, might give you some supper and put you up for the night, if—if you wouldn't mind sleeping in the—in the loft."

My lord! I hadn't so much as seen her face clearly yet, but I could have worshiped her! She had just come from Atropia, and she knew! Of course she knew. That little dry-as-dust hamlet must have been sizzling for hours with the wire news of the escaped lunatic who had alighted in Angels only to light out again with a stolen inspection car. And in the face of all that she was willing to take a chance on me! If she had only known that I would cheerfully risk sleeping in a cellar—to say nothing of a loft—rather than lose sight of her . . . but she was going on a bit breathlessly: "It is only a short mile to our cabin, and—and if you are very tired, I might let you ride Winkie."

"I shall be most delighted—to walk," I hastened to say.

"Straight on up the road, then," she directed; so I struck out, trudging a trifle stiffly, I dare say, with the dog at my heels and the pony following along at his heels.

We had traversed possibly half of the promised mile in plodding silence when we came to a place where the grade was so steep that it cut what was left of my sea-level wind to the small end of nothing; and even the tough little mountain pony was blowing.

"Stop a minute and get your breath," said the pony's rider; and when I had halted: "You are not used to these high altitudes, are you?"

"N-not so that any one would remark it," I gasped. "How high up are we?"

"About five thousand feet. The mine is exactly five thousand three hundred, I believe."

"There it was, you see; the mine!

"Pardon me," I blurted out; "but would you mind telling me if your eyes are blue?"

Her laugh was like a drink of cool spring water in the middle of a hot summer day; refreshing, you know, like that.

"I—I hope you are not dangerous," she stammered, mixing the words in the end of the laugh.

"Bless you, no!" I protested. "Without doubt, I am a third-degree lunatic; there have been times—like today, for example—when there wasn't even method in my madness. But I am perfectly harmless, I assure you; at least, I'm never tempted to be violent unless people refuse to answer my questions."

"That seems quite reasonable," she admitted. And then: "I suppup-pose my eyes are blue; people tell me they are."

"Thank you," I ventured. "There is only one other little matter, and that can very well wait until we are—er—a bit better acquainted, you know. Shall we go on, now?"

She spoke to her pony and we went on. At the top of the steep place the forest was much heavier, or so it seemed in the darkness, and the dim road turned off to the right across what appeared to be the flat top of the mountain. I asked my guide and preceptress if it were.

"No," she replied, "we are on the Cinnabar Bench, as it is called—a sort of terrace. We shall come to the mountain itself again in a few minutes."

Accordingly, after perhaps a half-mile of the level going, we did come to the steepnesses again, with the great bulk of the mountain towering before us to shut the stars off well up toward the zenith. Ahead of us, and diagonally up another steep slope, I could see the dim shapes of a number of buildings, all dark. Then we came to a great gray dump, looking as if the mountain had at one time opened to pour out a cataract of broken stone.

Beyond the dump there was another building with a light in it; and as the dog ran ahead of us, barking, the figure of a man silhouetted itself in the open doorway.

"Here we are, and you are welcome to the Old Cinnabar," said my companion to me. Then she "hoo-hoo'ed" cheerily to the man in the doorway and slipped out of her saddle, letting her pony stand while she led me across to the lighted, log-built cabin.

To Be Continued

FASHIONS BY MARTHA HOLDEN

THE woman inclined to plumpness wants no stiffy, scratchy ginghams and large patterned cretonnes in the summer unless she wishes to draw attention to her weight. Instead she selects voiles, Swiss and clinging summer silks to be made into dresses with slendering lines like No. 2137. Here is another one-piece design simple to make that is so popular in No. 2139. It has the side pleats and contains a boyish note. Try it in boy blue linen with small white glass or crocheted buttons to trim the front and white linen for the collar.

No. 2079—New Blouse—The pattern cuts in sizes 14, 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size, 1½ yards of 40-inch material is needed. Price 15c.

No. 2139—Boyish Style—The pattern can be had in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size, 3¾ yards of 40-inch material is required. Price 15c.

No. 2137—Slenderizing Design—The pattern can be had in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. In the medium size, 3⅛ yards of 40-inch material with 12¾ yards of braid is required. Price 15c.

No. 2148—Cool Frock—Almost denuded of sleeves makes this a splendid frock for hot-weather wear. And for those who prefer wrist-length sleeves, provision is made for same in pattern as shown in sketch of the back view. The design is of the popular coat type found becoming to almost any figure. A vividly colored silk print would be lovely used for this style, the patterns for which cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. In the medium size, only 3½ yards of 40-inch goods with 1⅞ yards of 3-inch ribbon is required. Price 15c.

No. 2146—Becoming Dress—Boy blue voile with motif in white to simulate a braiding design with white linen for the panel, collar and cuffs are the materials used to make this simple summer style. Perhaps you'd like it better in ruby red linen with white pique trimming. Candy striped tub silk would be nice too. The dress pattern is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size, 3 yards of 36-inch material with 1½ yards of 36-inch contrasting is required. Price 15c.

No. 2154—For Girls—This pattern can be used for both a wee girl and her older sister, as evidenced by the drawing in which the style is shown for the big girl in the main view and a tiny miss in the small view. Voile, linen, chambray, gingham, cotton crepes, cretonne, print percale and tub silks are suitable. The pattern is cut in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. For an 8-year-old girl, 2¾ yards of 36-inch material is required. Price 15c.

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of the above designs at the rate of 15 cents for each pattern. These patterns are stylish and perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give number, size, age, etc.

MARTHA HOLDEN BOOKS OF FASHIONS issued quarterly, 10c a copy. Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

Wealth Gone, Says Ex-British Premier

Although owning the great business of Baldwin's biggest engineering concern in Britain, ex-Premier Stanley Baldwin has confessed that he is a poor man.

"Since the war a great many conservatives like myself are much poorer," said Baldwin, in addressing the electors of his constituency. "It is as well to tell you frankly that there are a number of requests for subscriptions to which I cannot accede simply because I have not the money.

"In the last three years I have paid £3000 for fighting elections, and I tell you frankly I have been able to do so only by selling capital."

A few months ago Baldwin gave $25,000 to the hospital in the little village where his country house is situated. During the war he gave $500,000 to the British treasury.

The largest watercress farm in England is owned by Mrs. Eliza James, who for more than 30 years has supplied the famous Covent Garden market in London, where she is known as the "watercress queen."

FORDS-34 Miles on Gallon of Gasoline with Air Friction Carburetor

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Ford.....34 mi.	Reo.....24 mi.	Chevro'l..32 mi.
Buick 4...30 mi.	Chalm'rs...23 mi.	Max'l (25) 30 mi.
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Hudson....30 mi.	Paige 6....20 mi.	Lincoln 8..17 mi.
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Dodge....28 mi.	Overl'd 4..32 mi.	Cole 8....17 mi.

If your car is not mentioned here send name and model for particulars and our guarantee on it. Agents wanted.

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MUTT AND JEFF — **My Word! What Do You Know About This?** — **By "BUD" FISHER**

JEFF'S CALLING ME A NAME IN A FOREIGN LANGUAGE AND I CAN'T DOPE OUT WHAT IT MEANS! BUT I'LL FIND OUT, BELIEVE ME!
IF I COULD ONLY REMEMBER THE WORDS I COULD GET AN INTERPRETER TO HELP ME OUT! NOW, WHAT IS IT HE CALLS ME!
M-M! LET ME THINK! WHAT IS IT HE SAYS?
OH, FINE! NOW I GOT IT! HE SAYS-
YOU VELLIKAY SOOVAH!
HUH?
DON'T YOU CALL ME THAT AGAIN!
?
(Copyright, 1924, by H. C. Fisher)

21 BILLIONS IN INCOMES TAXED

Each Taxpayer Paid on Basis of $126.86 for Government Upkeep.

A total net income of $21,336,-210,530—an amount equivalent to the gross income of the nation, was reported subject to federal taxes by citizens of the United States for the calendar year 1922, it was disclosed in statistics of incomes for that year made public by the treasury.

On this income the federal government received $861,057,308 from the 4,747,483 persons who admitted tax liability. This shows an increase over 1921 of $141,670,202, or 19.69 per cent in tax paid, of 125,305 in the number of returns filed and of 1,759,000,000 in total income subject to taxation.

Average Income $3,143.46.

The average net income per return for 1922 was $3,143.46 per taxpayer while each theoretically paid $126.86 toward the upkeep of the government and their taxes were at the rate of 4.04 per cent of their net income.

Based on the 1920 census 6.2 per cent of the total population paid taxes and by the basis of calculation each American citizen, whether man, woman or child, had a net income for 1922 of $194.72, just $10 richer than in 1921. The per capita tax for the federal government amounted to $7.86, almost $1 more than in the previous year in which, however, a different schedule of tax levies was in effect.

Highest in Years.

The year 1922 produced returns for 67 net incomes of $1,000,000 and more, the highest for this class since 1918, when a similar number was reported. There were 21 such incomes reported in 1921. In the class between $500,000 and $1,000,000 incomes there were 161 returns, as compared with 83 for 1921. There were fewer returns showing net income between $100,000 and $500,000 than between $500,000 and $1,000,000. One hundred and four returns in that class were reported, or 40 more than in the preceding year.

There were 12,000 persons reporting net incomes between $50,000 and $100,000, a gain of 4,000 over 1921, with incomes between $100,000 and $150,000, and 763 with incomes between $150,000 and $200,000.

Larger Than in 1921.

The statistics show that 2,471,181 persons paid taxes on net incomes between $1,000 and $2,000, and 2,-129,898 filed returns of incomes between $2,000 and $3,000. There were 767,267 returns in the class from $3,000 to $4,000; 404,848 between $4,000 and $5,000; 391,373 between $5,000 and $10,000, and 90,278 between $10,000 and $15,000.

In the classes between $1,000 and $10,000 the number filing tax returns was substantially the same as for previous years. In each case, however, the number was slightly larger in 1922 than in 1921. From this the conclusion was drawn that the income of 5,000,000 taxpayers remained relatively constant, the change in the average number over a period of four years being less than six per cent.

New York Ranks First.

New York with a net income reported of $4,110,448,989 and a total tax of $273,960,079, ranked all states in contributing to expenses of the federal government. That state in 1922 paid 31.82 per cent of the total.

Next in order was Pennsylvania with net income of $2,005,570,020 and tax of $93,573,559; Illinois with taxes of $77,196,407 on a net income of $1,927,637,451, and Massachusetts with a net income of $1,-237,893,477 on which taxes of $57,-781,194 were paid.

DYNAMITE BLAST TO CLEAR ROAD

Time, Labor Will Be Saved in Removing Snow From Famed Highway.

Dynamite will be used by Rocky Mountain national park officials to open the Fall River highway between Estes Park and Grand Lake, 100 miles west and north of Denver—the highest automobile road in the world—which winds over mountain ranges at an altitude of 11,797 feet.

The road for many miles is covered with snow to a depth of 25 and 30 feet during the winter months, and for years past it has taken scores of highly-paid workmen many weeks to clear the highway for summer travel.

Great Saving Planned.

Under the supervision of Roger W. Toll, superintendent of the Rocky Mountain national park, a new "trail blazing" stunt will be staged that is expected to result in early opening of the highway to traffic, and also save much time and labor.

Next fall after two or three feet of snow have fallen, men will travel the Fall River road placing, at short intervals, boxes of 20 per cent dynamite and boxes of black powder. These will be connected with a "telephone" in Estes Park. Subsequent snowstorms will, of course, bury the explosives under great depths of snow.

Blasts to Clean Road.

With the first approach of spring, when Old Sol shoots hot rays of sun over the huge masses of snow, a switch at the Estes Park "telephone" will be thrown and over the length of the famous mountain auto road explosives, which if planted in one spot would topple an entire mountain, will boom dully and the great blanket of snow will wave like a sea and the winter's barrier will be broken. A gang of men will clear away the melting snow and the road will be cleared in a few days.

Maj. Martin's Mother Dies in Indiana

Mrs. Nancy Martin, mother of Major Frederick L. Martin, former commander of the United States around-the-world flying squadron, died July 2 at a Connersville, Ind., hospital. Major Martin was at her bedside. Notified that her condition was critical, Major Martin went to Connersville in an airplane from Chanute field, Rantoul, Ill.

The Toonerville Trolley

"GEORGE! LOOK IN THE BIG SUIT CASE AND BRING ME THE BLOOMERS TO MY BATHING SUIT.
FOR A CONSIDERATION THE SKIPPER WILL STOP THE CAR, PULL DOWN THE BLINDS AND LET FOLKS PUT ON THEIR BATHING SUITS IN IT.
(Copyright, 1924, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

Place Iodine Into Source of Water Supply of Locality to Fight Goiter

A new angle on the balanced ration has been revealed by recent studies on the thyroid gland known as goiter. Doctors say that prevalence of goiter is due to iodine deficiency, and now the question which is puzzling health officials is how to introduce iodine into the diet, not of scattered individuals, but of large groups, in order to cure and prevent the disease.

In this country and elsewhere there are extensive "goiter belts." A large percentage of the people who live in the sections have thyroid trouble, and those who do not have it are apt to be susceptible. People in other parts of the country are not immune to the disease, but natural conditions are less favorable to development of goiter; as a rule they get the necessary amount of iodine to keep the thyroid gland functioning properly.

Comes From Sea.

This important element, iodine, comes to us mostly from the sea. In the processes of nature's chemistry it appears in salt water fish, seaweed, marine animals, salt, and the salt air. It finds its way into beans peas and some other foods, into some soils and rocks.

It follows inevitably that people who live near the sea take more iodine into their systems than those who live far inland. Fresh water contains some iodine, but in widely varying and uncertain quantities.

The main function of the thyroid is to help regulate the growth of the body. It also plays a part in the chemical process which goes on perpetually to keep the body engine functioning.

The amount of iodine demanded by the thyroid gland is not large. The normal thyroid has a storage capacity of only about three-fourths of a grain, but the gland is entirely dependent on the tiny quantities of iodine received through the blood stream. If the supply falls below a minimum requirement, the gland generally becomes enlarged and develops into what we call a goiter. The goiter is the visible symptom that the gland is out of order.

Goiter is one of the oldest diseases of man and animals. The abnormal swelling of the throat has been known to every race, and it is considered a mark of beauty among some tribes. The early Greeks treated goiter as a disease, and used as a remedy the ash of burned sea sponges, which contained considerable iodine. They knew nothing, of course, of the relation between iodine and the thyroid gland.

Remedy Known for Century.

Goiter has been treated by intelligent use of iodine for more than a century, but it is only since scientific gland experiments became possible that the far-reaching effects of serious goiter have been recognized. A child born of a mother who has a goiter seems apt to have similar trouble. Then, too, a thyroid enlargement saps the strength of the individual, and this leaves the system less resistant to other diseases.

Exactly how prevalent goiter is throughout the country nobody knows. Some doctors estimate that it affects about six times as many women as men. The condition certainly tends to become much more pronounced in women. Yet the draft showed that as many as 30 per cent of the men from certain communities were unfit for service because of disqualifying thyroid conditions. In one city, out of 26,000 school children, 54 per cent had visible thyroid enlargements.

In parts of Switzerland where thyroid cases have always been exceptionally numerous — some districts reporting 100 per cent of the children as goitrous—school children are given chocolate tablets which contain tiny amounts of iodine. The tablets are dispensed at given intervals for a number of weeks.

Tried in U. S.

This system has been tried in several communities in this country, and it is found that children with enlarged glands generally respond in a few weeks to the treatment. Eventually the gland is reduced to normal if the amount of iodine administered is sufficient. If the iodine supply is then reduced to the original inadequate amount the enlargement may return.

One method of furnishing iodine to an entire community is to load the supply of drinking water each year for two weeks. This method has the advantage of reaching horses, dogs, cattle and other animals that may be affected by thyroid enlargement.

The possibility of taking too much iodine into the system exists. That leads to a different and much rarer disease of the gland than goiter.

QUAI IS NAMED FOR MR. WILSON

North Side of Famous Mont Blanc Wharf Is Dedicated.

With snow-crowned Mount Blanc looking on from afar, Geneva never was more glorious than July 4, when with the simplest ceremony the northern half the famous Quai Mont Blanc was renamed "Quai Wilson."

On the garden wall of the League of Nations palace, overlooking Lake Leman, had been placed a plain stone tablet which bore the words: "To the memory of Woodrow Wilson, president of the United States, founder of the League of Nations," and below, "The city of Geneva."

Wilson's Memory Saluted.

Before this tablet gathered members of the Geneva municipality, Sir Eric Drummond, secretary general of the league; Lewis Haskell, American consul general, and a company including Swiss, Americans and officials of the league to participate in a tribute to Woodrow Wilson.

"Geneva," he added, "is proud to join the other friends of the League of Nations and consecrate the imperishable memory of the greatest name the history of humanity has ever had to record."

In responding, Mr. Haskell made no reference to the League of Nations, but said that in naming the beautiful Quai of historic memory after an illustrious president of the United States, Switzerland fashioned another bond with his country.

Lauds League Action.

"It is good to know," Sir Eric Drummond said, "that the ideal for which President Wilson strove now is firmly established in the world. Fifty-four nations by covenant have solemnly banded themselves together to do all in their power to prevent war."

Flags were flown in commemoration by all foreign consulates and participants especially remarked the flag of Germany whose consulate adjoins the grounds of the league.

SYRACUSE MAN HEADS PRINTERS

Administration Candidates Win Over Progressives in Union Election.

Practically the entire list of administration candidates was elected over their progressive opponents to the more important offices of the International Typographical Union official tabulation of votes cast in the recent election given out by the union's canvassing board shows.

James M. Lynch, Syracuse, N. Y., heading the administration ticket, was elected over Charles P. Howard of Detroit, incumbent, by a plurality of nearly 3,000 votes. Other administration candidates for major offices were elected by from 3,000 to 4,000 votes. They are:

Seth R. Brown, Los Angeles, first vice president; Austin Hewson, New York, second vice president; J. W. Hays, Minneapolis, secretary-treasurer. George W. Howard, a progressive candidate, was elected delegate to the Trades and Labor congress of Canada and Fred S. Barker of the administration forces was named a member of the board of auditors.

Walter E. Ames, Malcolm A. Knock, E. D. Ballentine and George P. Nichols, were elected trustees. Delegates to the American Federation of Labor elected are Max S. Hayes, T. W. McCullough, Frank Morrison, John C. Harding and William Young. Joe M. Johnson was named agent of the union printers' home.

AIR INTERVIEW LATEST STUNT

10-Mile Speed Fails to Interrupt Conversation With Birdman.

"Hello, Lieutenant Johnson. If can hear us plainly, tell us where you are, where you are going, and how the weather is up there."

These were the first questions asked of Lieutenant A. L. Johnson, McCook field flier, by a Dayton, O., Daily News reporter recently. The interview was taking place while Lieutenant Johnson was several thousand feet in the air, out of sight, and the reporter was stationed at the McCook field radio station.

"I can hear very clearly," came back the answer over the radio. "We are flying over New Lebanon, O., at an altitude of about 4,000 feet and are climbing steadily to get above the clouds. The clouds are very thick this afternoon, scattered from 3,000 to 6,000 feet in height. The thermometer registers 45 degrees which with our suits and helmets makes a comfortable flying temperature."

"At what speed are you traveling?"

"We are moving along at about 80 miles an hour. Now we have climbed to about 5,000 feet and are in clear sunshine, although New Lebanon lies hidden below. Dayton lies to the east of us but we cannot see it."

15 Miles of Talk.

"Where are you now?"

"We are over West Carrollton and have traveled about 15 miles since we started talking."

"How do you hear us?"

"Fine."

"Are you near any clouds?"

"We are approaching Xenia and are now at a bank of cumulous clouds several thousand feet high. We will go over them. Up we go! Up along the side of the bank! Now we are at the top, and down we go—down the other side at a speed of 110 miles an hour. Dayton now lies to the left and Xenia to the right. Could you hear me distinctly during the diving and climbing of the plane?"

"Very distinctly."

"I am now circling around another cumulous cloud. Now I am about to enter the cloud, now I am in the middle of it. I can see nothing. Is there any difference in sound?"

"Absolutely none. Where are you headed for now?"

"Since talking to you we have flown over New Lebanon, West Carrollton, Xenia, Wilbur Wright field and are now headed for McCook field."

First in History.

As the plane came into view, the interview, the first time in the history of either radio or airplane, that such a feat was accomplished, came to an end.

The radio set carried on the plane is known as type SCR-134. The receiving unit is a superheterodyne with VT-5 pearnut tubes. The set is shielded in order that the ignition noises of the engine may be cut out and that hearing may be easier.

Lieutenant Johnson was carrying a wire antennae with a five-pound lead weight. The metal parts of the plane, the wires of the fuselage and the wings are all banded together and act as a counter-poise. In principle it is the ordinary transmitter and receiver used the world over, but special adaptation to make it serviceable and practicable for air use worked out by the signal corps and tested at McCook field.

HAITIAN ASSAILS U. S. OCCUPATION

Pleads Case of Country Before Congress of World League Bodies.

The final act of the Congress of the International Federation of League of Nation Societies last week was to listen to two dramatic addresses concerning the American occupation of Haiti—one, a moving appeal for "justice and liberation," by Dantes Bellegarde, the Haitian leader and orator, and the other a strong defense of American action by C. A. Duniway, head of the American delegation.

Both addresses were applauded, but the Haitian received an ovation which lasted several minutes, punctuated by cries of "Bravo!" The debate came after M. Bellegarde and Dr. Duniway had reached an accord on a resolution concerning Haiti which was subsequently adopted unanimously by the congress. The resolution declares the international federation concerning the occupation of Haiti by the forces of the United States, and having heard sympathetically the representations made by the Haitian delegate on the national aspirations of the people of Haiti, expresses its satisfaction at the fact that the secretary of state of the United States has declared the intention of the government to effect withdrawal from Haiti.

M. Bellegarde pictured Haiti as a kind of intellectual province of France. It had achieved its independence by force of arms, and yet, against all international law, the United States on the pretext of serious internal troubles had occupied Haiti with military forces, he said. The Haitian delegate admitted disorders but argued that they did not justify the throttling of Haiti's national existence any more than Mexican disorders justified the occupation of Mexico.

Shale Will Supply Sweden With Oil

A total of 245,000,000 tons of fuel oil can be derived from Sweden's deposits of bituminous shale, according to estimates of engineers published in connection with the announcement that production of shale oil is about to begin on a large scale at Kinnekulle.

Since Sweden is entirely dependent on imports for her coal and petroleum, for many years attention has been directed to the economic importance of finding some way of producing fuel from her vast deposits of alum shale.

Lutheran Merger Proposal Rejected

By a unanimous vote taken in convention the Finnish Evangelical Lutheran national church of America declined the invitation of the Missouri synod of Lutheran churches to unite with it. Objection was taken to the union for several reasons, it was said, chiefly on the ground that the Finnish Evangelical Lutheran national church wished to continue a national language institution. The churches in the Missouri synod are German Lutheran.

Brazil Lifts Tariff to Cut High Costs

President Bernardes of Brazil has signed emergency bills to ameliorate the high cost of living, canceling for 60 days the duties and clearance charges at all Brazilian customs houses on all staple foods, rice, sugar, potatoes, jerked beef, beans and corn.

It was also announced that the government plans to buy food abroad if prices are found lower than in the local markets. It will buy 540,000 sacks of rice, sugar, corn and beans and 4,500 tons of potatoes and lard and beef.

The Latest Markets

The stock market did not receive more than the expected setback last week, and, all things considered, the movement of stock prices was distinctly encouraging to those who are following the constructive side of the market.

Political uncertainties, the holidays and the aggressive advance in stock prices which featured about 10 consecutive sessions up to Wednesday of last week, gave professional traders a golden opportunity to gather in their profits but even the heavy realizing sales which came into the market late in the week, failed to halt the forward movement in stocks controlled by the bullish pools, which are supposed to have resumed operations on a large scale.

The railroad stocks were conspicuously absent from the active list this week and while new high levels were reached by a few of the speculative favorites, in the rail group, trading in the rails was devoid of the spectacular factors which were so much in evidence in the preceding week. Nickel Plate was strong on rumors that this road would amalgamate a number of smaller roads, including Pere Marquette. Southern Railway attained the best price in its history by selling at 65 on Thursday.

The industrial stocks withstood realizing sales in large volume on Wednesday and Thursday, and oil stocks, singled out for attacks by the bearish contingent, almost without exception, closed the week higher than when they started. No more price reductions were announced in the crude oil purchasing districts. On the contrary Magnolia raised prices 25c a barrel in Luling district. The weekly reduction figures showed another decline and two more large purchasers joined the pro-rating list. California production declined and gasoline stocks were drawn on in that territory. The oil stocks were more easily depressed than the industrials but showed their ability to snap back as soon as there was any demand from short sellers.

Higher prices for prime bonds and a good demand for new issues were encouraging to the investment market.

Grain

Toledo—Wheat, cash, No. 2, red, $1.18½@1.19½. Corn, cash, No. 2, yellow, $1.05½@1.06; No. 3, yellow, $1.04½@1.05. Oats, cash, No. 2 white, 60@61c; No. 3, white, 59@60c. Barley, cash, No. 2, 88c. Rye, cash, No. 2, 82c. Cloverseed, cash, $11.50; Oct., $12.50. Alsike, cash, $10.65; Aug., $11.80. Timothy, cash, $3.70; Sept., $3.85.

Chicago — Wheat, July, $1.15⅝; Sept., $1.15¾; Dec., $1.15⅝. Corn, July, 95½c; Sept., 92¾c; Dec., 82⅛c. Oats, July, 50⅞; Sept., 44¼c; Dec., 46c. Rye, July, 79¼c; Sept., 79¼c; Dec., 82c.

Produce

Toledo—Butter—Fancy creamery, 1-lb. prints, 42c; solid pack, 41c; nut margarine, 25½@26½c.

Cheese — Fancy brick, 21@22c; Michigan, 22½@23c; Vermont, 32c; Longhorn, 23½@24c; limburger, 25@26c.

Eggs—Candled, 28c; selects, 33c.

Bacon — Fat, 11c; lean, 23c; wide, 6 to 8 lbs., 15c; 9 to 10 lbs., 14c; 11 to 12 lbs., 13c; 13 to 15 lbs., 12c. Hams—22c. Lard—11c.

Beef—Select prime steers, 13@15c; cows, 7@8c; common, 6@7c; heifers, 10@12c; bulls, 7@8c; canners, 3@4c. Calves—Prime, 15@16c; common, 13@14c. Hogs—Light, 9@10c; heavy, 8@8½c; stags, 3@4c; sows, 6@7c. Sheep and lambs—Spring lambs, pelt off, 22@24c; light sheep, 7@8c; heavy, 4@5c; yearling lambs, 12@15c.

Live Poultry — Ducks, 23@25c; spring ducks, 26@28c; geese, 12@14c; turkeys, 23@25c; hens, 22@24c; light hens, 17@19c; good broilers, 32@35c; Leghorn broilers, 25@27c; roosters, 14@15c.

Hides—No. 1, 5c; No. 2, 4c; bull, 3c; green calf, No. 1, 13c; No. 2, 11½c; kip 10c; No. 2 kip, 8½c; cured hides, No. 1, 6c; No. 2, 5c; horse hides, $3.00.

Cleveland—Butter, extra in tub lots, 43½@44½c; extra firsts, 41½@42½c; firsts, 39½@40½c; packing stock, 25@27c; standard, 41½@42½c; prints one cent extra. Eggs—Fresh gathered northern extras, 28½c; extra firsts, 27½c; Ohio firsts, 25½c; western firsts, 23c. Oleomargarine—Prices to retailers: Nut oleo, 24@25c; high grade made of animal oil, 25½@26c; lower grades, 20@21c. Cheese—Old York State, new, 22@23c. brick, 21@22c; fancy Swiss, 38@40c; limburger, 24@26c; imported, 45c. Poultry — Live, heavy fowls, 25c; Leghorn broilers, 1½ pounds up, 26@28c; chicken broilers, colored or heavy and mediums, 36@38c; spring ducks, 30c; old ducks, 22@23c; roosters, 13@14c; Leghorn fowls, 22@23c. Potatoes—Michigan round whites, $2.35@2.40 per 150-pound sack.

Chicago—Butter higher; creamery extras, 39½c; standards, 39½c; extra firsts, 38@39c; firsts, 36½@37½c; seconds, 33@35c. Eggs, higher; receipts, 53,363 cases; firsts, 24½@25c; ordinary firsts, 23@23½c. storage pack extras, 26c; firsts, 25½@25¾c. Potatoes—Receipts, new, 110; old, 5 cars; Missouri and Kansas sacked Early Ohios, $1.90@2.15; sacked Irish Cobblers, $1.75@2.15, according to condition; Oklahoma and Arkansas sacked Bliss Triumphs, $1.90@2.20; Virginia barrel Cobblers, $4.25; North Carolina barrel Cobblers, $3.75@4.15.

Live Stock

Cleveland—Cattle—Receipts, 800; steady; choice yearlings, $9.00@9.50; fair to good, $7.50@8.00; choice handyweight butcher steers, $8.00@9.00; fair to good, $7.00@7.50; choice heavy steers, $8.50@9.50; fair to good heavy and plain steers, $7.25@8.25; common and light butcher steers, $5.50@6.00; choice heifers, $7.00@8.00; fair to good, $5.50@6.25; choice butcher cows, $5.25@6.00; fair to good, $4.00@4.75; common cows, canners and cutters, $2.00@3.00; choice handyweight bulls, $5.25@6.00; choice heavy bulls, $4.50@5.00; common and bologna bulls, $4.00@4.50. Calves — Receipts, 1,000; 30c higher; good to choice veal calves, $11.50@12.50; fair to good, $6.00@9.50. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 1,000; choice steady; others slow; good to choice spring lambs, $14.00@15.00; fair to good, $8.00@10.00; good to choice sheep, $6.00@7.00; good to choice ewes, $4.00@5.50; common, $2.00@3.00. Hogs—Receipts, 7,000; 5c to 10c higher; mixed, $7.60; heavies, $7.75; pigs and lights, $6.50; roughs, $5.75; stags, $4.50.

Chicago—U. S. Department of Agriculture—Hogs — Receipts, 69,-000; mostly steady to 5c higher; top weighty butchers, $7.30; heavy butchers, $7.20 @ 7.25; medium weights, $7.00@7.15; lights, $6.50@6.90; packing sows, $6.25@6.50; pigs, $6.00@6.25. Cattle—Receipts, 28,000; trade slow; largely steers run; early top handyweight steers, $10.25; best yearlings, early, $10.00; bulk early sales fed steers and yearlings, $8.00@9.75; largely 25c lower; best heavy bolognas, $5.00; bulk vealers to packers, $9.50@10.00. Sheep—Receipts, 25,000; fairly active; popular price on better grade fat native lambs, $13.75; few to city butchers, $13.85; sorting generally light; cull native lambs, largely $9.00; few handyweight fat ewes, $6.00.

East Buffalo — Cattle — Receipts, 185; early sales shipping grades steady; later sales 15c to 25c lower butchers, handy grades, bulls and cows steady; shipping steers, $8.00@10.25; butchers, $7.25@9.00; yearlings, $8.00@10.00; heifers, $6.00@8.00; fair to choice cows, $3.00@6.50; canners and cutters, $2.25@3.00; bulls, $3.00@6.00; stockers and feeders, $4.00@7.00; fresh cows and springers, active and steady, $30.00@120.00. Calves—Receipts—2,200; active; choice, $12.00@12.50; fair to good, $10.00@11.50; culls, 50c lower, $6.00@9.50; heavy, $6.00@8.00; grassers, $3.00@5.00. Hogs—Receipts, 14,400; pigs, 25c higher; others steady; heavy, $7.75@7.85; mixed, $7.75@7.90; Yorkers, $7.85@7.90; light Yorkers, $7.00@7.90; pigs, $6.75@7.00; roughs, $6.00@6.25; stags, $3.50@4.50. Sheep and Lambs — Receipts, 2,800; active; lambs, 50c lower; $6.00@15.50; yearlings, 75c higher, $6.00@12.25; wethers, $7.50@8.00; ewes, $2.00@6.50; mixed sheep, $7.00@7.50.

Pittsburgh — Cattle — Receipts, 1,000; steady; steers, $9.75@10.25; heifers, $7.25@8.25; cows, $5.50@6.25. Hogs—Receipts, 6,500; active; heavies, $7.70@7.75; heavy Yorkers $7.75@7.80; light Yorkers, $6.60@6.75; pigs, $6.25@6.50. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 3,000; slow; top sheep, $7.00; top lambs, $14.00. Calves—Receipts, 1,800; steady; top, $11.50.

Indianapolis — Hogs — Receipts, 12,000; steady; heavies, $7.40@7.50; lights, $7.25@7.30; top, $7.50; pigs, $5.00@6.75. Cattle — Receipts, 1,-600; steady; steers, $7.00@9.50; beef cows, $4.00@6.50; heifers, $5.50@9.15. Calves—Receipts, 700; higher; veals, $8.00@11.50. Sheep—Receipts, 250; steady; sheep, $3.00@3.50; lambs, $8.00@13.00.

JAIL IS URGED AS DIVORCE CURB

Preacher Would Punish Guilty One in Every Separation Suit.

A five-year term in state prison for the guilty person in every divorce suit.

That's the cure for divorce advocated by the Rev. James B. Knappenberger, pastor of Wesleyan Methodist church in Syracuse, N. Y.

Dr. Knappenberger is not opposed to divorce itself.

The decree should be granted where there is cause, he holds, with the guilty one going to prison and the innocent one set free.

"A law without an accompanying penalty is nothing more than advice," said Dr. Knappenberger. "That's what our present divorce law is—advice to two people who are at odds with each other. What's the result? The guilty party pays a few dollars in alimony and looks about for another partner.

"In ancient times the one who failed to keep his or her marriage vows was put to death. I am hardly in favor of such a punishment in this age, but a five-year stay in jail is none too harsh; not a bit. That would check the disgraceful increase in American divorces."

Mrs. Lieber Whittic, widely-known clubwoman and leader of the National Women's party in Onondaga county, opposes the Knappenberger plan.

"If you can't have a happy home, wreck it at once before any children are born," said Mrs. Whittic. "The increase in divorce is nothing to be alarmed about. It is simply natural and lawfully regulated rearrangement of men and women who have been mismated."

Mrs. Whittic looks upon modern marriage laws as subjective bonds for women. Present marital codes have descended from Saint Paul, she says, who compiled them for the church, which in turn bequeathed them to Europe, England and, finally, America.

In Mrs. Whittic's opinion Saint Paul placed a restraining hand on women who meekly submitted to his regulations.

COURT ORDERS WIFE TO OBEY

Marriage Vow Is Upheld in Alabama Decision; Hair Curling Is Issue.

The age-old marriage vow containing the word "obey," fast tending toward obsolescence, was given an interpretation with "teeth" by the Alabama court of appeals, when it upheld, in effect, the right of a husband to object to his wife's employment of adventitious aids to her supposedly natural beauty.

It is the imperative duty of a man's wife to obey, the court held. The wife in question had curled her hair against the expressed wish of her husband.

In rendering the opinion, the court also decided it not only was the right but the duty of the husbands, in absence of proof of bad character, to fix the domicile of his children, irrespective of the mother's wishes.

Following domestic incompatibility as a result of his wife's curled hair, it was said, Mrs. Macon Sparkman left her husband, taking their child. Later Sparkman recovered the daughter and placed her in his mother's home. Mrs. Sparkman filed petition for a writ of habeas corpus and the lower court ordered Sparkman to produce the child. This order met reversal in the appellate tribunal.

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D. A. R. AND CHURCHES SPLIT OVER "YOUTH MOVEMENT" IN U. S.

Warfare has broken out between the Federal Council of Churches and the Daughters of the American Revolution over the methods adopted by the former in its campaign to outlaw war.

The seed of the trouble was planted in Europe. It is the so-called "Youth Movement," which has taken a strong grip in many European countries and is said to be spreading to the United States.

This "Youth Movement," says Dr. Chauncey W. Goodrich, American representative of the central bureau for the relief of the Evaugelical churches of Europe, is "filled with the ferment of a new age, demanding inspiring Christian leadership," and with "multitudes saddened and disillusioned by war, wistful as never before for the things which only religion can give."

Sees Strategic Point.

The movement offers, says Dr. Goodrich, a "strategic point at which to help strengthen the threatened forces of Protestantism in these days of the remaking of Europe for American churches."

Concerning this same "Youth Movement," Mrs. Anthony Wayne Cook, president of the Daughters of the American Revolution, declares:

"It is the most dastardly of all the old world evils that has been brought to our shores. It aims, so it is declared, at the very heart of our most sacred social and moral foundations and will, if promulgated in our secondary schools and colleges, aim to destroy the moral fiber of our girls and boys."

Sends Out Warning.

Mrs. Cook classes the backers of the "Youth Movement" with the "Pacifists," and she has sent a warning to all the state regents of the Daughters of the American Revolution against the so-called "peace societies," which she says, "in many instances are being dominated by those who are knowingly and deliberately disloyal to our government and political institutions."

As the head of the largest "patriotic body of women in America," Mrs. Cook says that she believes it her duty to "acquaint fully the organization's entire membership with the menace of our most sacred obligations to home and country, which is being promulgated in seditious teachings of organized groups that are endeavoring to have their members take the 'slackers' oath,' or the 'disloyalty oath,' 'never to assist in any war; never to knit a sock, roll a bandage, nurse a wounded soldier, or buy a bond to help win the war.'"

Pacifists Are Rapped.

"Pacifist groups in America have waxed strong because of their sentimental appeals to women and women's organizations," says Mrs. Cook. "Far-reaching propaganda societies, with salaried executives of persuasive oratory but twisted vision, have endeavored to introduce their specious arguments by letter, pamphlet and word of mouth throughout the length and breadth of the land. They have invaded our schools with doctrines. One group has an advertised set of illustrated 'school literature,' devised particularly for its purpose, and comments in its circular upon its success and popularity.

"Daughters of the American Revolution are very far from being proponents of war. They are opposed to it, as are all right-minded thinking peoples; but if necessity arises—if the fundamental laws of God and man are set aside—then they are sacredly pledged to support their nation.

"We further believe that every boy and girl in America is entitled to future participation in the blessings of the era of freedom and good government made possible by the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, and that they mean to oppose, with all the vigor and strength of their beings, any individual or groups who would substitute for them resolutions, untried theories and communist doctrines."

VOLCANO ACTION CAUSES DISPUTE

Superstition Vies With Science to Explain Phenomena.

Science and superstition vie with each other in explaining the present unusual activity at the Halemaumau firepit of the Kilauea volcano.

Roy Finch, in charge of the volcano observatory at Kilauea, believes that tons of rock, avalanched down from the sides of the crater, have choked the vent through which nature usually eases the pressure on the earth by pouring forth surplus lava into the great pit, raising the lava lake in the crater and withdrawing the fiery substance from the crater when pressure has been more than relieved. The lava underneath the surface, unable to find its way into the open, generates gas which blasts its path out of the vent, carrying with it tons of rocks and dust. The explosions shake down further avalanches from the crater sides which again may block the vent, in an unending circle.

Hawaiians have returned to history and tradition, to the act of the brave Kapiolani, the Christian princess, who dared the wrath of Pele, the fire goddess, 100 years ago. They say Pele waited a century to become "huhu" or angry, with the people of the princess and to vent her wrath for Kapiolani's impious act.

In December, 1824, the tale runs, the Princess Kapiolani, converted to Christianity by missionaries, forsook the worship of her people. She journeyed from Hilo to Kilauea and spent the night in a hut on the brink of Halemaumau. She ate of the "tabu," or forbidden berries, which were consecrated to Pele, an insult to the goddess. She stood on the brink of the crater and cried to Pele: "Jehovah is most powerful. Jehovah is my God. I defy thee, Pele."

Hawaiians stood in awe while she spoke. But nothing happened.

Kapiolani had won a great moral victory, but today Hawaiians shake their heads, saying that Pele merely waited 100 years for vengeance.

U. S. Envoy in Berlin Home for Parley

First hand information on conditions in Germany, particularly as bearing on the situation with respect to the Dawes report, was understood to have been sought by President Coolidge in arranging a conference with Alanson B. Houghton, United States ambassador in Berlin. On arriving in New York Ambassador Houghton was quoted as saying he considered Germany had done everything asked of her under the Dawes plan and that he hoped she would accept it.

DEPLORES LOSS OF AIR POWER

Britain's Former Chief of Airships Says U. S. Leads World.

Great Britain has lost her supremacy in air power to the United States and France, says a frank statement of Major General Sir Frederick H. Sykes, former British air minister.

"We were the strongest air power in the world at the end of the war," declared Sir Frederick. "We have let our superiority in research and design pass to America and in operation to France.

"Britain has led the world in railway development. We have carried the lion's share of sea-borne traffic of the world. If we, to whom the advantages offered by air communications are of the greatest value, do not take it up other countries will become the world's greatest overhead carriers.

"Will there never be more than the present few who recognize the illimitable threshold upon which we stand in the matter of air power?

"Where there are now surface routes, traffic demanding speed will travel by air, and where, owing to geographical difficulties, surface routes are now non-existant, air communication will open up and civilize new centers of natural wealth.

"Eventually there will be air communications between all centers of industry throughout the world."

HEARING RESTORED OFTEN IN 24 HOURS

Amazing Results Secured in One Day by Use of Virex Formerly Known as Rattle Snake Oil.

Deafness and Head Noises need not be dreaded any longer since the discovery of a widely known physician. Now it is possible for some of the most obstinate cases of deafness to be relieved in a day's time by the application of a prescription formerly known as Rattle Snake Oil. This treatment is meeting with wide success all over the country.

Mr. D. Dey, a Nebraska resident, 67 years old, says, "I have used the treatment for only two weeks and my hearing is restored perfectly. The relief was almost instantaneous and now the head noises have disappeared. My catarrh, a case of many years standing, is improving wonderfully."

Mr. Ben Jackson, who lives in Indiana, says, "Before I used Virex I could hear nothing. After ten days I could hear my watch tick."

Angeline Johnson, a Mississippi resident, had been stone deaf for eighteen years. She says, "Virex has stopped my head noises and I can hear the train whistle 3½ miles away."

Roy Fisher, Iowa man, says, "I hadn't heard a watch tick for eleven years—now I can lay my watch on the table and hear it plainly."

Mr. N. A. Lumpkin of Oklahoma says, "After being deaf 38 years, I used your treatment only a few days and hear fairly well."

Mr. Anthony Chapman of Michigan says, "The terrible head noises have stopped entirely and my hearing is practically back to normal."

Deaf Baby Now Hears.

Mrs. Ola Valentine of Arkansas says, "My little boy, now 5 years old, had been deaf since about 4 months of age. Now he hears very well and is learning to talk."

Mr. Mather Pelleys says, "My young son, deaf for years, has used Virex for only three days and he hears almost as well as ever before."

Such amazing reports come from all over this country and Canada. The prescription which is known as Virex, is easily used at home and seems to work like magic in its rapidity on people of all ages.

So confident are we that Virex will restore your hearing quickly, and to introduce this remarkable treatment to a million more sufferers, we will send a large $2.00 treatment for only $1.00 on ten days' free trial. If the results are not satisfactory the treatment costs nothing.

Send no money—just your name and address to the Dale Laboratories, 1842 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo., and the treatment will be mailed at once. Use it according to the simple directions. If at the end of 10 days your hearing is not relieved, your head noises gone entirely, just send it back and your money will be refunded without question. This offer is fully guaranteed, so write today and give this wonderful compound a trial. —Advertisement.

U. S. TREASURY SURPLUS HITS NEW HIGH SPOT

All Records Are Surpassed as Half Million Dollar Excess Mounts Up in Washington.

Official figures made public by the treasury last week show that the government ended the fiscal year June 30 with a surplus of $505,366,986.31, the greatest ever piled up. At the same time the national debt was cut $1,098,894,375.87 to $21,250,812,989.

The reduction was accomplished by use of the entire surplus and $457,999,750 which was accumulated through application of the sinking fund and other public debt charges against receipts together with $135,527,639 from the general fund. The balance in the general fund with which the new fiscal year was started was $235,411,481. Through the reduction in the public debt the taxpayers have been relieved in one year of an annual interest charge in excess of $45,000,000.

Customs receipts, though smaller by $10,000,000 than were estimated a year ago, added $545,637,503 to the government's income. Receipts from the import duties, therefore, were about $15,000,000 below those from the same source in the year ending June 30, 1923. Internal revenue payments after deducting the 25 per cent credit allowed in the new tax law, aggregated $2,795,157,036, or more than $10,000,000 above last summer's estimate.

MANY ILLITERATE CAN CAST VOTE

Education Society Sees Deleterious Effect on Industry.

More than 4,300,000 illiterates will be entitled to vote in November for president of the United States and members of congress, the illiteracy commission of the National Education association stated in a report submitted in the association's convention in Washington.

Another report disclosed that a poll of 8,000 teachers throughout the country indicated the majority of them were in favor of lengthening the school day.

The illiteracy report, read by Mrs. Cora W. Stewart, Frankfort, Ky., stated that although there are 4,931,905 acknowledged illiterates in the United States, the commission is convinced there are more than double this number who either were overlooked in census taking or have concealed their illiteracy. The report emphasized that more than 3,000,000 of the acknowledged illiterates were native born.

"Aside from a menace to government and handicap to citizenship," the report said, "the effects of illiteracy on commerce and labor are deleterious."

Says Day Is Too Long.

It also was asserted that illiteracy of parents is the chief barrier to school attendance.

Mrs. Mary C. Bradford, Colorado state superintendent of public instruction, in presenting a report dealing with problems of class room teachers, said a majority of 8,000 teachers, who responded to a questionnaire held the present school day to be too short for the amount of work to be done.

Those who favored a longer school day believed more time should be devoted to supervised study. The questionnaires also were said to have shown that the teachers thought their classes were too large and too many subjects were instructed.

Would Reduce Classes.

"The large unwieldy class," Mrs. Bradford said, "is an obstacle to good teaching, and to produce really fine results under such a hampering condition implies sheer genius in the teacher and a group of exceptionally responsive children. The ideal number of pupils to a teacher in grade work is between 20 and 30, although a respectable sized minority insist that a teacher can do justice to no more than 20 students."

A million teachers now are enrolled in the World Federation of Education association created at the national association's convention in San Francisco last year. In a report showing this enrollment, Augustus O. Thomas, state education commissioner of Maine, asserted, however, that it could not be hoped for many years to federate all the 5,000,000 teachers of the world because in many countries, all have not yet joined their national organization.

Wants Honor Peace Only.

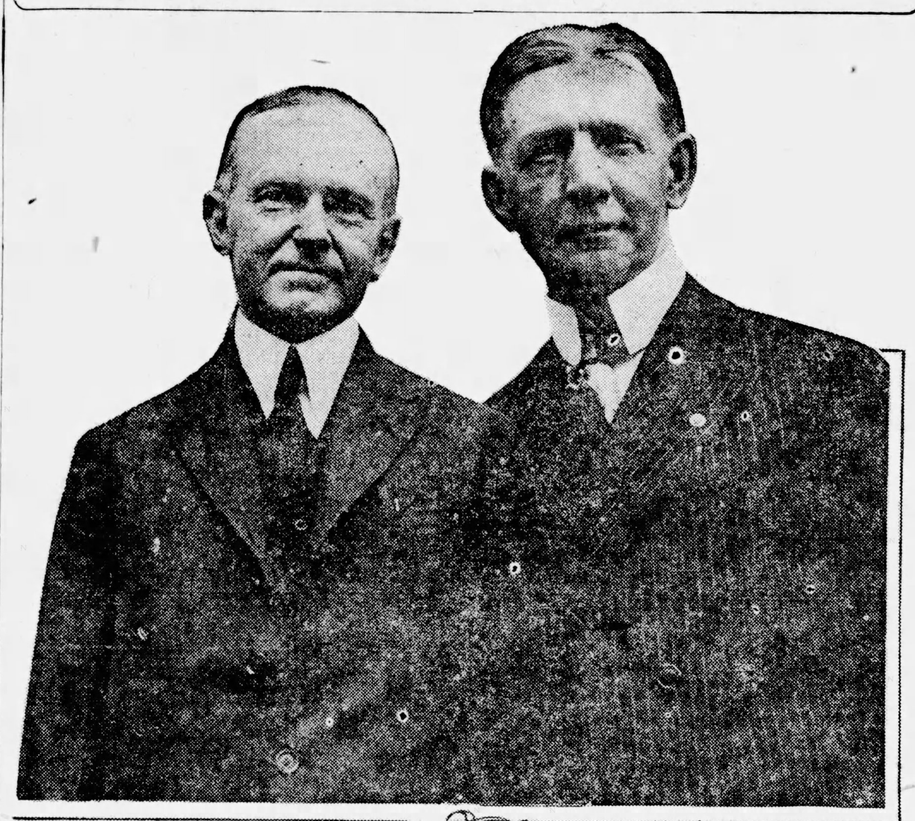
In addressing the convention, Mr. Thomas said the teaching profession is for peace, "but peace with honor."

"We hate war but we love our country more than we hate war," he asserted. "The extreme pacifist doctrine is as vicious as the extreme military doctrine. We would not leave our country without adequate defense. There is danger that we may go too far in relieving our history of many of its most vital pages. History should be truthful and there should be a proper balance in teaching the patriotism of both war and peace."

French Cities Offer Sympathy to Lorain

The cities of Nancy and Metz, through their mayors, telegraphed a request to Le Matin of Paris, asking that newspaper to transmit to American Ambassador Herrick their and their fellow citizens' sorrow at the news of the disaster at Lorain. Ambassador Herrick was asked to present condolences to the governor of Ohio. The mayors said they felt as though they had been personally stricken because Lorain, Ohio, owed its name to their district of Lorraine in France. The officials recalled that the American ambassador speaking recently at Nancy had told them of the similarity of names and also that his country place was in the Ohio region, where the tornado struck.

G. O. P. Candidates Talk It Over



—Copyright, P. & A. Photos.

THIS photo shows President Calvin Coolidge and General Charles G. Dawes who head the Republican ticket this campaign and was made on the White House grounds where they held a conference recently on the campaign.

LABOR WOULD ENACT LAWS TO TIGHTEN BAN ON IMMIGRATION

American labor has laid down a certain definite legislative program upon which it will base its action during the presidential campaign of 1924, according to the announcement of the American Federation of Labor.

"We need less 'thou shalt not' in our laws," officials of the Federation declared. "We need more law that helps get things done and less law that stops legitimate, constructive effort."

Based upon the program adopted by the executive committee of the American Federation national nonpartisan political campaign committee, it was declared that the American labor movement asks no favors from the government.

"It demands, above everything else, the opportunity for self-help," the federation said. "It prefers the direct relationships and contacts of industry to the devious, indirect and frequently deceptive methods of politics.

"Laws are necessary to the maintenance of civilization. But it is as important to have laws that encourage and permit as it is to have laws that discourage and prohibit.

"Too generally the thought of politicians is toward the making of laws that prohibit and restrain. This is largely because politicians and lawmakers are outside the realm of productive achievement and either do not understand its requirements or serve some special group or interest that believes itself best served by special legislative favors."

Hitting at the recent disclosures of graft and corruption in high office, the federation declared that it is "essential that there be a revival of the spirit of honesty, integrity and high-mindedness in public office.

"Public office is for public service, never for private gain or aggrandizement," said the statement.

"The last vestige of the spirit of private gain must disappear from public life, and Labor pledges itself to the cause of purification until the battle is won forever."

Briefly, the Presidential campaign program of labor on the major issues before the country was outlined as follows:

Immigration.

A policy of strict exclusion is imperative for many years to come. It is necessary to be portected against a constant influx of immigrants in order that America may have the opportunity to develop an American people with her own psychology, standards, ethical values, characteristics, and that its own sense of unity with American soil shall be inherent.

Labor will insist upon the adoption of the Child Labor amendment, through its ratification by the various states, until it is finally written into the Constitution.

Labor approves the adoption of adjusted compensation as a matter of simple justice to the soldiers who fought in the World war. Labor intends to press continuously in the future for adequate recognition of the services rendered to the cause of democracy and human freedom by the soldiers, sailors and marines of the late war.

Labor demands affirmatively absolute recognition of the right to organize, to bargain collectively through a union and through representatives freely chosen, to work or to cease work collectively and collectively to withhold or bestow patronage. To this end the following Constitutional Amendment is proposed:

An amendment prohibiting the enactment of any law or the making of any judicial determination which would deny the right of the workers of the United States to organize for the betterment of their conditions; to deal collectively with employers; to collectively withhold their labor and patronage and induce others to do so.

Labor Injunctions.

Labor demands final abolition of the power of the courts to issue injunctions in labor disputes under circumstances where no injunctions would lie if no labor disputes were in existence. Rights guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States have been set aside at will in scores of cases through the use of the injunction. Issuance of injunctions is judicial repudiation of democracy and the rights of man, an assertion of unsupported, unwarranted and intolerable judicial autocracy.

Repeal of the provision of the Esch-Cummins act providing for the Railroad Labor Board termed a failure resulting only in disharmony and destructiveness. Enactment of a measure which provides a plan of voluntary arbitration and conciliation, a measure intended to supplant coercion and restriction, with co-operation and encouragement in the development of better relations and consequent better railroad service for the whole country.

Anti-Trust Laws.

Labor demands legislation repealing the Sherman Anti-Trust law, which, though intended by congress to prevent illegal combination in restraint of trade, has been, through judicial interpretation and perversion, principally used to deprive the wage earners of their natural and normal rights.

The following constitutional amendment is proposed:

That if the United States supreme court decides that an act of congress is unconstitutional or, by interpretation, asserts a public policy at variance with the statutory "declaration of congress, then if congress, by a two-thirds majority repasses the law, it shall become the law of the land.

Power of the supreme court to nullify laws enacted by congress is "an unenviable distinction which, in the interests of freedom and democracy, must be removed."

Specific legislation intended to benefit agriculture should be drafted by those who are engaged in agriculture and who understand its needs. Labor will support every constructive measure offered by agriculture in the future, as it has done in the past.

Labor favors sharply graduated income and inheritance taxes. It favors reduction mainly in favor of those whose incomes are smallest and, therefore, able least to bear taxation. Labor is opposed to the imposition of the sales tax.

Volstead Act.

The Volstead act must be modified so as to permit the manufacture and sale of 2.75 per cent wholesome beer. It is labor's contention that the Volstead act is an improper interpretation of the Eighteenth Amendment and that it is a social and moral failure, and that it is a dangerous breeder of discontent and of contempt for all laws.

Labor favors our entrance into the League of Nations and the World Court. Labor holds that the United States should seek "and cultivate every international relationship that will promote world peace."

Press Club Issues Harding Memorial

An elaborate volume of tribute to the memory of the late President Harding has been published by the Seattle Press club. The volume contains a memorial of his last public appearance in Seattle, his last public utterance and his last handwriting. There is a message from his widow, Mrs. Florence Kling Harding. The book also contains a number of articles by contributors, including Governor Scott C. Bone of Alaska.

MARS SPEEDING TOWARD EARTH

Planet Will Be Nearest in Century; on August 22 Saturn in View.

Mars will be nearer the earth on August 22 than it has been in more than a century, says a bulletin from the American Nature association. On that day the star will be nearest and only about thirty-five million miles away. It will be brighter than the planet Jupiter.

Almost due south, during July Scorpio (the Scorpion) has a long tail trailing down to the southern horizon and his heart marked by the fiery Antares, which is one of the giant stars of the heavens, four hundred million miles in diameter and distant from us 350 light years. Antares is called "Rival of Mars" because, when Mars is most distant from the earth, it very much resembles this star.

"There are two planets beautifully in view—Saturn, near Spica, and Virgo, in the southwest, and Jupiter, near Antares in Scorpio, on the southeast—the brightest object in view. Venus will be too close to the sun to be seen," says the statement.

"The brightest star north of the Equator is Vega. You can recognize it by the two little stars close to it which form a small triangle with Vega. If you draw a line from Vega to Corona you will find, at the point where this line crosses the western side of the four-sided figure that outlines the body of Hercules, a faint, hazy patch of light visible without a telescope on clear, dark nights.

"'The Great Star Cluster in Hercules,' this is called. It is a universe of giant suns, 30,000 or more, closely packed together, or so it seems with a powerful telescope."

Deer Again Appear; Protection Ordered

Deer that once roamed in numbers through lower Michigan, but which had all but disappeared a few years ago, are being seen again in Calhoun, Barry and Eaton counties, and the state is taking a determined position for their protection. The deer are those that escaped from the private park of Dr. J. H. Kellogg this season and previously. Steadily their number is increasing, reports from farmers in those counties indicate.

Special notices are being sent out from the office of the state game warden at Lansing into the counties where deer have been seen, calling attention to the law and urging full protection for the animals.

Patent Is Granted on Under Ice Boat

Simon Lake, inventor was granted a patent by the government for a submersible cargo vessel designed to navigate under ice. The invention, designed for navigation of northern ice covered waters, consists of a boat with a superstructure by which its navigator may dive under ice and rise again, breaking open a path for continued surface navigation.

WEEK IN BASEBALL

Tooth and nail fighting between Washington and New York for the leadership of the American League featured the past seven days of major league baseball. By virtue of four victories out of a five-game series with the Senators, the Yankees trail their rivals by one contest. At the beginning of the week Washington led the American field by two games and even slightly increased this advantage, but the Huggmen made up most of the lost ground when the two clubs came to grips five times in three days.

Losing five out of eight the Detroit Tigers slipped back to third place. Boston continued down the toboggan to seventh place, but regained sixth position Sunday, as Cleveland lost to Chicago. St. Louis advanced to fourth and Chicago to fifth, while the Athletics, still playing in-and-out baseball, continued in the sub-cellar.

Feeding on eastern fare, the Giants maintained their four and one-half lead over the Cubs in the National. The other six clubs also occupy approximately the relative positions they held a week ago.

Babe Ruth, king of the circuit clouters, came to life in the last week and counted four home run smashes, Sunday being his 22nd of the season. Fournier, the Brooklyn National slugger, clung doggedly to Ruth's heels, tallying three homers. He now has 17 and remains far in the lead in his league.

Ken Williams of St. Louis, with 14 home runs, is second in the American league, although he scored none during the week, and Hauser, Philadelphia, who hung up two during the week, is third in the older circuit. Hornsby, St. Louis, and Cy Williams, Philadelphia, are now tied for second place with nine apiece. Hornsby scored two and Williams one. Hartneat, Chicago, has not been credited with a four-ply smash for several weeks and now reposes immediately behind Hornsby and Williams with eight homers.

NUISANCE TAXES ARE ABOLISHED BY UNCLE SAM

Assessments on Telegraph and Telephone Messages Are Eliminated Completely by Law.

The public purse heaved another sigh of relief July 3 when further cuts in the nation's tax bill under the new revenue law became effective after the 30-day period stipulated from its enactment. The so-called nuisance taxes are abolished entirely while in the field of miscellaneous taxes generally material reductions take effect.

Included among the old law assessments which are eliminated outright are those on telegraph and telephone messages and the stamp tax of two cents a hundred dollars on drafts, checks and promissory notes. The tax on theater admissions of one cent for each 10 cents charged is changed to apply only on admissions in excess of 50 cents.

Cuts Accessory Tax.

The five per cent on jewelry articles, including musical instruments so classed, will apply only on those exceeding $30 in value, and on watches only of a value in excess of $60.

Although the law levies a new tax of five per cent on automobile chassis and bodies and motorcycles and three per cent on truck or wagon chassis selling for more than $1,000 and bodies selling for more than $200, it compensates in a measure by cutting in half the five per cent on automobile parts and accessories.

Many Articles Cleared.

Another cut to become effective is that from two cents to one cent a hundred dollars in the stamp tax on sales of produce, boards of trade and similar trading marts.

Among articles freed entirely of the tax levied under the old law are: Pleasure boats and canoes, candy, hunting and bowie knives, dirk knives, daggers, sword canes, stilettos, brass and metallic knuckles, smoking stands, liveries and livery boots and hats, hunting and shooting garments, riding habits, yachts and motorboats not designed for trade, fishing or national defense, and X-ray films and plates.

LORDS TAKE UP DRY DISCUSSION

"Never-Will-Go-Dry" Idea Shaken by Debate in Parliament.

It is not very often that a debate in the house of lords attracts much attention in England because the upper house long has been shorn of power, but the lords have interested themselves in prohibition and thereby are in the limelight.

Interest does not center so much in what the lords might attempt to do, but in the mere fact that the problem is being discussed by that old school of British aristocracy which heretofore has assumed the attitude that "England will never go dry, so why worry?"

The bill comes from the Bishop of Oxford and is supported by ecclesiastical members. It provides that local communities be allowed to vote on whether there shall be no change, whether saloons shall be abolished or whether the government shall control the sale of liquor in the present public houses.

Largest Difficulty.

It is the last point that raises for the first time in parliament the question that prohibitionists in England believe will prove one of their greatest difficulties.

Liquor interests in England are much different from what they were in the United States for the reason that brewery and distillery shares—nearly all good investments—are much more widely distributed among the population than they ever were in the United States. Even clergymen own them, and one of the most famous churches in London derives a yearly income from the rental of huge, century-old wine cellars under its edifice to one of the oldest wine companies in England.

Money Interests Active.

Consquently it has been contended that to obtain prohibition in England, it will be necessary to arrange for the government to have some control over the tremendous influence waged by those momentarily interested in the liquor trade. The Bishop of Oxford's bill hits at that in its provision for the state to take over the control of sales in communities where the people desire it.

Of course, no action seriously affecting the situation can be taken by the house of lords, but it is significant that the discussion keeps arising in parliament. Those who realize that American prohibition was born by local option are issuing warnings that scoffing at the agitation may bring many surprises.

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Campaign Inquiry Began by Borah

Chairman Borah of the senate committee authorized to maintain a continuing investigation into political expenditures during the presidential campaign, has addressed a letter to William M. Butler, chairman of the Republican national committee, outlining the first formal inquiry on the subject.

The committee chairman asked what cash the Republican organization had on hand July 1, what plans it might have to meet projected expenses, how much it proposed to raise and expend, the limit it would place on campaign contributions, any facts it had as to money expenditures contemplated or in progress by its opponents and whether the Republican national committee would be willing to begin on Sept. 1 reporting the total of funds received and the names of subscribers.

Similar inquiry will be made of the national chairman of each of the other political parties.

BILLION SAVED U. S. TAXPAYERS IN LAST GOVT. FISCAL YEAR

The federal government began a new fiscal year July 1, with its administrative heads enjoined by President Coolidge to continue rigid adherence to the program of economy in order that the country may be further relieved in its tax burden.

The President voiced emphatically his purpose to obtain a maximum of efficiency in administration with a minimum of expenditure in an address at the seventh semi-annual meeting of the business organization of the government at the close of the fiscal year. More than 1,000 executive officers heard the chief executive outline his policies for the future with the declaration that his subordinates must support them to the utmost.

A detailed analysis of the government's fiscal achievement during the past three years was presented by the President, showing that in the 12 months just closed the great public debt was cut one billion dollars and a surplus of more than 500 million dollars was turned into the treasury.

Figures cited by treasury officials on federal expenditures in their relation to the total cost of government in nation, state, county and city, showed that whereas in 1921 the federal government's share of the total was 59 per cent, it was only 40 per cent in the last 12 months.

The beginning of the fiscal year finds experts in disagreement as to the prospective tax returns for the next 12 months, with some arguing that the changed tax rates will stimulate productivity to such a point that there will be no noticeable reduction in tax receipts. Treasury officials generally explain that it is yet too early to attempt any accurate forecast of receipts.

"Economy and Then Some."

"I am for economy," the President said. "After that, I am for more economy. We must give the people relief from the excessive burden of taxation."

Mr. Coolidge's program contemplates paring expenditures to the bone. He wants to continue even more drastically the three-year-old economy program. To do so, he enjoined those responsible for spending the government's money that every administrative effort be carried on with the absolute minimum of expense. That means, he asserted, that the government payrolls must be reduced.

Absolute Loyalty Urged.

The President's broad outline of his views was expanded by Director Lord of the budget bureau, who warned that those who failed to function sympathetically, or who obeyed the chief executive's instructions in half-hearted fashion, may as well feel that they are not desired in the government machinery. He added that disloyal ones have no place in the organization. The director explained that the bureau's agents were cognizant of all activities in the government and said that he would not fail to call shortcomings to the President's attention.

The speech was the first by Mr. Coolidge since the Republican party selected him as its presidential candidate and he chose in his utterance to review the financial accomplishments of the administration for the last three years. In this period he said there was net reduction in the great public debt of more than $2,720,000,000, and a consequent saving to the people of more than $120,000,000 annually in interest alone.

Figures Tell the Story.

"What progress we have made in ordering the national finances is easily shown," Mr. Coolidge said. "A comparison of our receipts and expenditures for the last four years illustrates conclusively what has been accomplished during the three years of the budget system.

"For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1921, the last pre-budget year, our expenditures were $5,538,000,000 and our receipts $5,624,000,000. For the succeeding three years, which includes the year which ends Monday, our expenditures were $3,795,000,000, $3,697,000,000 and $3,497,000,000 respectively. Here we show a progressive and consistent reduction in expenditures. On the other side of the ledger our receipts for 1922 were $4,109,000,000; 1923, $4,007,000,000, and 1924, $3,995,000,000. An analysis of these figures shows that in the face of a progressive reduction in receipts we have still achieved a substantial surplus at the end of each of the fiscal years—$314,000,000 for 1922; $310,000,000 for 1923, and $498,000,000 for 1924.

Public Debt Reduced.

"The amounts which I have stated as being the expenditures, receipts and surplus for the fiscal year 1924, are only approximate. We will not have the actual figures until the books are finally balanced. The surplus accumulated at the end of each of the last three fiscal years has been applied to the reduction of the public debt in addition to the reductions required by law under the sinking fund and other acts. Without the aid of this recurring surplus the public debt would be $1,100,000,000 more than it now stands and the interest charges would be some $4,000,000 greater next year than we shall now have to pay.

"Along with this reduction in expenditures has gone a progressive reduction of the public debt with its attendant relief from the burden of interest. On June 30, 1921, the public debt was $23,976,000,000. In 1922 it had been reduced more than $1,000,000,000 to $22,964,000,000. In 1923 it had been reduced more than $600,000,000 to $22,349,000,000. In 1924 it has been reduced again by more than $1,000,000,000 and stands at an estimated amount of $21,254,000,000, which is a reduction in three years of $2,722,000,000 and means a saving of interest of more than $120,000,000 each year.

Fruits of Budget Plan.

"This year shows that the intensive campaign which was commenced three years ago has been waged unrelentingly. In this campaign we have had the active co-operation and support of the congress. The three budgets presented by the chief executive to the congress have carried drastic, progressive reductions in their estimates for funds. Congress has adhered to budget procedure in passing upon these estimates. The appropriations granted have been in harmony with the financial program of the chief executive."

The President announced that he would submit estimates of not more than $3,000,000,000 for expenditures in the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1925. He fixed that figure as the maximum and instructed the officers under him to find a way to cut $83,000,000 from their present estimates.

If this cut is made Mr. Coolidge said the surplus for the year covered by those estimates would approximate $108,000,000.

Setting an Example.

"We are setting the example for reduction in the cost of government and for a return to ordinary peace time conditions," he continued, with emphasis. "There can be no faltering. Our duty is plain. As we have progressed in the last three years so we must continue.

"When we met six months ago," Mr. Coolidge said, "I stated to you that this fight for economy had but one purpose—that the benefits would accrue to the whole people through reduction in taxes. Taxes now have been reduced. While our immediate need is for tax reform, as distinguished from tax reduction, we must continue this campaign for economy so as to make possible further tax reduction.

"We owe this to the people of our nation, to the people who must pay with their toil. The relief which recently has been afforded must be only the beginning. So in all your efforts, in all your sacrifices, you must bear in mind that you are making them for the people of our country. There could be no nobler cause or one showing higher patriotism.

Wants Personal Reports.

"This insistant demand for economy and reduction in expenditures necessarily requires increasing efficiency of administration. If there is any question as to the authority of heads of departments or estimates to discontinue or reduce any phase of existing work it is my desire that they report the matter to me. The duty and the opportunity of the government's administrators is not to enter upon new fields of enterprise. On the other hand it is their duty and opportunity to carry on approved and necessary activities with the smallest possible expenditure.

"We, the administrators of the government's great business interests, should have at this time only one thought and policy—to perform efficiently the functions devolving upon us under the law. And we should accomplish this with the smallest possible demand upon the treasury.

Begins With Surplus.

"Now we commence a new fiscal year. We will have a smaller revenue by reason of the lessening of the burden of the taxpayer under the new tax law. On the other hand we will have an increase in our fixed charges. The World war adjusted compensation act alone adds approximately $132,000,000 to our fixed charges for 1925. A real battle faces us, but we are organized for the fight. The best estimate indicates a surplus of approximately $25,000,000 for the next fiscal year.

"You are now preparing your preliminary estimates for the fiscal year 1926. For that fiscal year it will be my purpose to transmit to congress estimates of appropriations which, excluding the interest on and reduction in the public debt, and the postal service, will not exceed a total of $1,800,000,000.

Sounds a Warning.

"Let me say here that under the budget and accounting act the only lawful estimates are those which the chief executive transmits to the congress. It is these estimates that call for your loyal support. Unless such support be given, you are not fulfilling your obligations to your office. I trust that neither the chief executive nor the appropriations committees of congress again will have occasion to call your attention to the provisions of the budget and accounting act.

"We must have no carelessness in our dealings with public property or the expenditure of public money. Such a condition is characteristic either of an undeveloped people, or of a decadent civilization. America is neither. It stands out strong and vigorous and mature. We must have an administration which is marked, not by the inexperience of youth, or the futility of age, but by the character and ability of maturity. We have had the self-control to put into effect the budget system, to live under it and in accordance with it. It is an accomplishment in the art of self-government of the very highest importance. It means that the American government is not a spendthrift and that it is not lacking in the force of disposition to organize and administer its finances in a scientific way.

Always on Trial.

"To maintain this condition puts us constantly on trial. It requires us to demonstrate whether we are weaklings, or whether we have strength of character. It is not too much to say that it is a measure of the power and integrity of the civilization which we represent. I have a firm faith in your ability to maintain this position, and in the will of the American people to support you in that determination. In that faith in you and them, I propose to persevere. I am for economy. After that I am for more economy. At this time and under present conditions that is my conception of serving all the people."

Abused Prune Wins Its Place in Sun

The invincible and irrepressible prune, which has made money for professional joke-writers for many years, has come into its own, according to a report of the United States department of agriculture.

In California alone the 1923 prune crop sold for approximately $15,000,000, with considerable unsold to carry over into 1924.

The prune growers in that state have a "growers' association," which markets the product.

Baltic Sea Bathers to Get Air Programs

The whole North Sea and Baltic coast is to be supplied with radio service from Berlin during the bathing season, according to plans perfected recently. For this purpose the radio station at Swinemunde, which thus far has maintained merely a service for ocean vessels, will be reconstructed so as to make possible the broadcasting of the Berlin programs to the guests of the Baltic seaside resorts, while the Hamburg station can without difficulty serve the North Sea watering places.

Free to Asthma and Hay Fever Sufferers

Free Trial of Method That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time.

We have a method for the control of Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development, whether it is present as Chronic Asthma or Hay Fever, you should send for a free trial of our method. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your occupation, if you are troubled with Asthma or Hay Fever, our method should relieve you promptly.

We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases where all forms of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, "patent smokes," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our expense, that our method is designed to relieve the difficult breathing, all wheezing and the terrible paroxysms.

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VETERANS ASK FOR BONUS CASH

But There's None to Be Had Before March 1, Next Year.

Despite the fact that it was announced during the progress of the passage of the veterans' adjusted compensation bill that the law would not provide for the payment of a cash bonus, and despite subsequent reiterations of that announcement, many of the letters received by government agencies and newspapers inquire when the cash will be available.

"How much do we get and when do we get it?" is the burden of these inquiries.

Officials who are doing their utmost to expedite the administration of the law and hence are anxious to be spared the burdensome task of answering foolish and unnecessary questions say that veterans should understand once and for all that with one exception there will be no cash payments.

This exception is in the case of veterans whose adjusted service credits amount, in each instance to $50 or less. Such veterans will be paid the full amount of the credits in cash, but no payments will be made prior to March 1, 1925. The same exception is made for the duly entitled dependents of such veterans who are deceased.

All other veterans or their dependents will receive adjusted service certificates, dated Jan. 1, 1925, when application has been made prior to that date, but when the application is made thereafter the certificates will be dated as of the first day of the month in which the applications are made.

At the end of 20 years from date the certificate will be redeemed in cash, or if the veteran should die within that period the full amount due under the certificate will be paid the beneficiary named by him. Certificates will not be issued to dependents of veterans who died without having made applications, but the amounts of the adjusted service credits due will be paid to the dependents in cash in 10 equal quarterly installments, except as noted when the amount is less than $50. These cash payments will not be begun prior to March 1, 1925.

At any time after two years from the date of the certificates they may be used as collateral for loans, but their loan value will not produce very large sums.

Colorado to Exploit New Arsenic Fields

Colorado is undertaking the exploitation of arsenic, which has been discovered in large beds in Gunnison county.

Development of the arsenic industry, it is believed, will lead to the stamping out of the dread boll weevil in the Southern cotton fields, experiments having proved that the arsenic is deadly effective against that destructive insect.

Following discovery of the huge beds in Gunnison county, plans are under way here for the construction of a modern arsenic plant, with a capacity of 100 tons of crude ore a day.

Air Flights Popular as Honeymoon Trips

Honeymoon trips to the continent by air seems to be a British fashion which is rapidly growing, and the swift and exhilarating flight across the channel now has become recognized as an ideal way of starting married life.

In nearly every case these trips seem to have been the thought of the bride, and it has been noticed that she is invariably the less nervous of the two when waiting for the airplane at the Croydon air station.

Pimples

BLOOD impurities are pumped by the heart into the face. That is what causes that grainy appearance, that muddiness, sallowness, pimples, blackheads, acne, red spots, and that impossible "something" which no face cream, massage, or face powder can cover up or beautify! The foundation for a beautiful skin simply is not there, and no face treatment can give it to you. But increase your red-blood-cells,—and quickly the ruby tint of purity begins to glow at the cheeks, the complexion becomes venus-like and immaculate! Try it. It will do it every time. S. S. S. builds the red-blood-cells you need for a beautiful complexion. Begin using S. S. S. at once, and give yourself what you have been working for, for years

S. S. S. is sold at all good drug stores in two sizes. The larger size is more economical.

S.S.S. The World's Best Blood Medicine